

Sports Illustrated



SEPTEMBER 6, 1982 \$1.50

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



WILEY A WIDELY-READ FORMER WIDE RECEIVER

For Staff Writer Ralph Wiley, the look at the human and logistical sides of the football Raiders' move from Oakland to Los Angeles (page 22) was at once a homecoming and a leave-taking. Wiley worked at the *Oakland Tribune* for 6½ years, two of them as a four-times-a-week sports columnist, before joining our staff six months ago. This isn't to say that Wiley has completely abandoned the Bay Area. He still owns a house on Oakland's Rawson Street, about four miles from the Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum.

"There's a renter there now, but it's still mine," he says. "Al Davis has a house in the Oakland Hills and I have one in the foothills. We left town at the same time. But I consider myself an Oaklander who happens to work out of New York."

His roots, though, are in Tennessee. Born and raised in Memphis, Wiley was first acquainted with the written word by his mother, who was a professor of humanities at S.A. Owen (since renamed Lemoyne-Owen) Junior College. Now Mrs. Dorothy Brown and assistant principal at Washington, D.C.'s Woodrow Wilson High, she read to her infant son from the works of Dumas, Dostoevski and Richard Wright. "I think those readings established a phonetic presence in my inner ear for what sounds good," Wiley says.

By the time he was a high school se-

nior, Wiley had written several plays and studied enough piano to rattle off a Beethoven concerto with ease.

But something about football—specifically, "the feeling of breaking free"—beckoned, and he set aside the arts of the salon for a four-year ride as a wide receiver at tiny Knoxville College. A severe knee injury felled him early in his freshman year. "Two things struck me as I lay on the ground," he says. "The first was how quickly it can all go. The second was all these words to describe the pain."

Like the eponymous coyote of cartoon lore, Wiley kept trying, playing football his next three years. His speed was gone, but words kept coming and he began writing sports for *The Knoxville Spectrum*, a local weekly, while earning a B.S. in business and finance. In August 1975 the *Oakland Tribune* offered him a position as a \$125-a-week copyboy. "I was shocked, appalled, dismayed and insulted by the salary," he recalls. "I took the job." In 1976, on a luller, Wiley did a profile of Julius Erving that opened eyes. After a year of cityside reporting he moved over to sports.

"Sports are all simple games," he says. "It's the people that are complex." And not just the participants. "There's a painting in my office of a boxing match by George Bellows called *Both Members of This Club*. The most interesting thing about it is the faces of the spectators in the front row. That's the lure—the reaction of everybody else, not just those directly involved."

So it is that Wiley comes to this week's subject not completely dispassionately. "I was once a Raider hater," he says. "But then, in 1979, they had a difficult year and handled it well. And I found myself pulling for them. They didn't turn out like typical *bandidos*. I'll be sad if I go back to Oakland and the Raiders aren't there."

Philip D. Howard



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BEAR FACTS

No one knows for sure when Paul (Bear) Bryant will step down as football coach at Alabama. This will be his 25th season there, his 38th as a college head coach. Technically a state employee who under Alabama law must retire at 70, Bryant can legally continue as coach this year and next, since he won't be 70 until after the 1983 season begins. Efforts were made in the state legislature to create a special law that would exempt him from mandatory retirement, but last spring a circuit court judge poured cold water on that by saying such action would be a violation of the Alabama state constitution. Bryant carefully steered clear of the issue, saying, "I want to be treated like any other citizen." Still, he has discussed the possibility of continuing as head coach without salary, while at the same time modestly denigrating his own ability.

"The next coach at Alabama will be better than me," he told Southeastern Conference football writers last week, and he spoke of the problems of coaching football at his advanced age. "We are surrounded by young coaches," he said, employing the regal plural. "They are hardworking people who are continually snapping at our heels. A lot of them started here [he was referring to such SEC coaches as Steve Sloan of Mississippi, Charley Pell of Florida and Jerry Claiborne of Kentucky, all of whom played football under the Bear, and Pat Dye of Auburn, who was one of his assistants] and all of them are doing great jobs. I'm not capable of competing against those guys. I'm too old. I'm not strong enough. I wonder how much longer I can fight them off."

Poignant words from the stag (or bear) at bay, but one can't help feeling it's part of the old Bryant malarkey, buttering up the opposition. Not strong enough? Bear has a 38-5 won-lost record against former players and associates of his who have become head coaches, with 28 of those wins coming in succession. Indeed, he seems to get better and better with age. In his 30s, Bryant's coaching record was 59 wins, 23 losses, five ties. In his 40s it improved to 73-24-8. In his 50s it went up to 88-22-3. And in his 60s it's been 95-12-1.

Too old? As the Bear looks forward to his 70s, he must be muttering, "Come on, you whippersnappers. Let's see you just try to dump the old man."

STRICTLY FOR THE BIRDS

Those of us who are a bit daunted by the space age—computers, biogenetics, interplanetary probes, digital diagnoses and other utterly complex things—can find some cheer in the way the Lockheed Missiles & Space Co., Inc. in Sunnyvale, Calif. solved a nagging problem. Lockheed has a research facility in the Santa Cruz Mountains, some distance from the main plant. The people in the mountain laboratory are hooked up by microwave to a computer in the plant and each day transmit data on what they've designed to Sunnyvale. Microfilms of the designs are prepared at Sunnyvale to be sent back to the lab by messenger the next morning. But while lab and plant are only a bit more than 20 miles apart, they're about 50 miles from each other by road, and drivers making the trip got caught in traffic and were slowed by twisting mountain roads. Transporting the microfilm by auto took about 90 minutes, much too long for people used to missile speeds.

What to do? Well, some genius came up with a marvelous idea, and now each morning a carrier pigeon—you remember carrier pigeons, don't you?—takes off from Sunnyvale, toting the tiny strip of film. He flaps his way in a straight line over hill, dale and highway, and about 30 minutes later delivers the film to the lab, where it's developed into blueprints for the research people.

That's the kind of progress we stick-in-the-muds admire.

FAT AND SKINNY

Fat and Skinny had a race, up and down the pulfow case/ Fat fell down and broke his face, and Skinny won the race. So ran the old childhood jingle which was popular years ago. It's probably not sung anymore, but supervisors of umpires in the National and American leagues feel there is some substance to the refrain. At any rate, both Blake Cullen (NL) and Dick Butler (AL) are concerned about fat

umpires. Says Butler, "We keep after them if they're overweight." Says Cullen, "We want them to have pride in their appearance. It's part of the show. We get efficiency ratings of umpires from the clubs, and it's very difficult to be rated at the top of your profession when obviously you don't give that appearance. Appearance is part of what we're projecting out there."

The AL has a few beefy arbiters but Butler says they just look fat, that in actuality their weight is pretty solid, citing 6'1" Ken Kaiser, a former wrestler and



weightlifter, who looks heavier than his 200 pounds. The NL, on the other hand, has several plump umps, the most notable being Eric Gregg (SI, April 20, 1981), who is 6'3" and two years ago weighed 357 pounds. Between the 1980 and 1981 seasons Gregg took off 106 pounds, but, he admits, "I've put 50 of it back on. I know I have to get on the stick again. But I love to eat. I live to eat." On how the added weight affects his umpiring, Gregg says, "The only way it bothers me is going out to the outfield on trapped balls. Then I feel I've lost a step."

Other rotund NL arbiters include John McSherry (6'2½", 275), Lee Weyer (6'6", 258), Harry Wendelstedt (6'2", 230) and Bruce Froemming (5'8½", 200). "McSherry is among our top men," Cullen says, "but any time a man is that overweight, it's too much." Butler, peering over the fence into the other league, agrees: "John McSherry is a huge man

continued



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SOME SERIOUS NOTES ON MOVING.

By Victor Borge

When you move, make sure your mail arrives at your new address right after you do.

The key is this: Notify everyone who regularly sends you mail one full month before you move. One last serious note. Use your new ZIP Code. **1**

**Don't make your mail come looking for you.
Notify everyone a month before you move.**

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SCORECARD continued

and he moves as well on his feet as anyone, but he's too heavy."

So it's agreed. Some umpires are just too fat, right? Froemming, recognized as one of the best umpires in baseball, demurs. "I know I'm overweight," he says, "but I don't feel it. Babe Ruth had spindly legs, Pete Rose isn't built like somebody off Wall Street, but the bottom line is how they hit the ball, how they get to first base. Umpiring isn't any different. I've never felt that because I was overweight it hurt me in my job. I stand on my record."

"When they hired me, I wasn't skinny. Weyer and Wendelstedt were never skinny. They hired a lot of skinny guys but let them go because they couldn't do the job. Those guys look the part, but you put them between the white lines and their bellies were empty and they couldn't think. Wouldn't you rather have the guy that's a little heavy and can handle the job, handle Billy Martin and Dick Williams coming at you, than some guy who looks terrific?"

AFTERNOONS ARE FOR PRACTICE?

How best to take note of this week's historic Texas A&M-Boston College football game, in which Jackie Sherrill makes his debut as the exceedingly well-salaried—\$267,000 per year—coach of the Aggies? Perhaps by invoking the immortal words of a woman who called a talk show in Detroit last winter at a time when Texas A&M boosters, having not yet hired Sherrill, were dangling similarly lavish sums in front of Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler. A lot of people in Wolverine country were shocked that a football coach would be offered far more than Michigan professors or the university president, which may explain the question posed by the baffled woman: "What does AM stand for?" she asked. "Do they only go to school for half a day?"

A PLETHORA OF JIMMYS

"I'll get this shoe on you if it kills me," said Jimmy Connors, 1982 Wimbledon champion, down on his knees in the chandeliered White and Gold suite of New York's Plaza Hotel. Connors grimaced as he tried to squeeze a size-9½ tennis shoe, his size, onto the size-12 foot of Jimmy Connors of Kearny, N.J., manufacturing manager of Hurtz Mountain

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pet supplies "I have weird feet, really weird feet," said Jimmy Connors, 1982 Wimbledon champion.

"A few garbled toes around here," mumbled an onlooker, very likely named Jimmy Connors, too. There are 35 Jimmy Connors listed in the phone books serving the greater New York metropolitan area, and all were invited to attend a news conference last week where the Jimmy Connors introduced the new Converse Jimmy Connors Model tennis shoe that he helped to design, a shoe with "a sleek European look," a shoe that is supposed to "reduce wobble action."

RESERVED—JIMMY CONNORS read the sign at the roped-off area where the nine Jimmy Connors who showed up sat together. They were given lunch, a short lecture on the biomechanics of the foot, a pair of Jimmy Connors tennis shoes, the experience of having Jimmy Connors, 1982 Wimbledon champion, try to fit his size shoe onto their feet (it fitted five of them, each of whom received tickets to the U.S. Open) and the chance to share stories with each other about the joys and woes of sharing the name. "All the time," said one Jimmy Connors when asked how often he's confused with Jimmy Connors the tennis player.

Jimmy Connors, the one from Kearny, N.J., said, "People say to me, 'I know you're not the tennis player, but are you his father?'" "That hurts," said Jimmy Connors of Yonkers, N.Y.

"Sometimes the name does come in handy," said Jimmy Connors of Mountain Lakes, N.J. "I went to Buenos Aires on a business trip at a time when the President of Brazil was there on a visit. There were no rooms available anywhere. A local man from my company called a hotel manager and said, 'Look, Jimmy Connors is flying down. He needs a room.' The hotel manager gave me his room. Filled it with fruit and flowers. He was crushed to find out I wasn't the tennis player."

Does being called Jimmy Connors improve one's tennis game? "It's an asset," said Jimmy Connors of Syosset, N.Y. "It gives you something to live up to."

"My friends love to play me," said Jimmy Connors of Saddle Brook, N.J. "They love to be able to say they beat Jimmy Connors."

Jimmy Connors, an accountant from Uniondale, N.Y., said, "I'd love to have someone say to him, 'Are you Jimmy Connors the accountant?'"

"I was going to ask him if he was thrilled having lunch with Jimmy Connors the actuary," said Jimmy Connors, an actuary from Murray Hill, N.J.

Is Jimmy Connors their favorite tennis player?

"He's got to be," chorused several Jimmy Connors. "He's got the right name."

After lunch, the Jimmy Connors split. "Goodbye, Jimmy. Goodbye, Jimmy. Goodbye, Jimmy," they said to those near them, and as each reached the door he turned, faced the group and called out warmly, "Goodbye, Jimmy."

WORST OF THE BEST

ESPN, the cable TV sports channel, has a series called *Best of Notre Dame Football*, which appeared on Channel 40 in Chicago this summer. Notre Dame fans, who are in abundance around Chicago, were delighted, of course—until the show went on the air. Then doubts crept in. The first Notre Dame game that ESPN ran was a 28-14 loss to Southern California in 1971. The second was a 45-23 loss to USC in 1972. ESPN rallied the Irish to two wins in a row, but then came a 34-20 loss to Pitt in 1975, a 17-13 loss to USC in 1976 and a rerun of that 1972 rout by USC.

This is the best of Notre Dame football? Five defeats in the first seven games? Irish fans, fighting off memories of the Joe Kubiak era (two wins, eight defeats one season), protested. "Worst of Notre Dame Football," they called the series.

HAS GRETAWITZ EVER RUN IN TENNIS?

Not long ago, a copy of an English-language magazine called *Kuwait Track and Field* arrived at the Indianapolis headquarters of the U.S. governing body in that sport, The Athletics Congress. Some of the contents of the Middle East-published magazine required a bit of effort to decipher. As recently noted in the TAC newsletter, when the Kuwait magazine referred to the "Oniz prize," it apparently meant the Jesse Owens Award conferred annually on the top U.S. track athlete. Similarly, the Norwegian runner the magazine identified as "Gretawitz" was, in all probability, Grete Waitz. Then there was *Kuwait Track and Field's* reference to last June's TAC championships in "Tennis." The event was held in

Knoxville, Tenn. Another event the magazine mentioned was the U.S.-U.S.S.R. meet in July in TAC's home city. Yep, right there in "Indiana Police."

But it's a risky business to make fun of foreigners' command of one's native tongue, witness a joking suggestion by the TAC newsletter that *Kuwait Track and Field's* gaffe about Indiana Police made it sound as if state troopers had surreptitiously "taken over the reigns of U.S. athletics." Yep, "reigns."

NOW OCCUPYING THE RAIDERS' SPACE

It won't necessarily fill the void created by the loss of the Raiders to Los Angeles, but the USFL announced last month that it will put a team in the Oakland Coliseum called the Bay Area Invaders. Howard Friedman, the franchise's administrative vice-president, said that the name was selected simply because it "presents an aggressive, 'now-kind-of-thing' image. Beyond that, we're happy to accept anything anyone wants to make of it." We fear that the "now kind of thing" Friedman is referring to really is "Space Invaders," the electronic game that got the video craze going. We further fear that videomania, having thus infiltrated the USFL, could spread like the plague. With several USFL teams still searching for a name, can the Phoenix Galaxians or the L.A. Asteroids be next? Stay tuned, earthlings.

THEY SAID IT

● Richie Hebner, long noted for his poor fielding as a third baseman and first baseman, on his new role as part-time right-fielder with the Pittsburgh Pirates: "I won't have trouble fielding the ball as long as they don't hit it to me."

● Marieta Navratilova, multilingual tennis star, playing in the Canadian Open in Montreal, where the public-address announcements are in both French and English: "I don't know which language to protest in."

● George MacIntyre, Vanderbilt football coach, hearing that Herschel Walker was injured during a Georgia practice session: "What scares me is that Georgia has players who can hurt him."

● Billy Martin, on fracturing a finger hitting a piece of furniture after a bad performance by his Oakland A's: "I'm getting smarter. I finally punched something that couldn't sue me."

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He Finally Bagged It

The base path to glory led from first to second in Milwaukee, where Oakland's Rickey Henderson stole base No. 119 to break the single-season record—and there was, and will be, more **by RON FIMRITE**

Doc Medich, the Milwaukee pitcher, had walked Rickey Henderson on four straight balls in the third inning of the Brewers' game with the Oakland A's last Friday night in County Stadium, and now, reluctantly, he stood to become a part of baseball history. Medich wasn't happy about walking Henderson in the first place, but the Oakland A's leftfielder, whose batting stance most nearly resembles someone seated on an ottoman, doesn't offer much of a strike zone. The walk Medich issued him was Henderson's 107th in the 127 games he has played this year. So now he was on first base, 90 feet from breaking Lou Brock's 8-year-old major league record of 118 stolen bases in a season.

Medich and his catcher, Ted Simmons, had the downcast aspect of persons about to become answers
continued



After walking in the third inning last Friday, Henderson took off, crash-landed beyond the tag and came up holding the prize.





Stanley was suspiciously picked off second base, allowing Henderson one last opportunity to break the record at home, but ...

RICKY HENDERSON *continued*

to a trivia question. A crowd of 41,600 had come that night in large measure to see Henderson succeed, and Medich and Simmons were, for the moment at least, the bad guys in their own ball park. Not that they were given much chance of stopping Henderson. Medich has a lazy windup and he throws mostly slow breaking pitches, slow enough to give Henderson time to run to a concession stand and back if he so chose, and Simmons hadn't thrown Henderson out in five previous attempts this year.

But Medich was determined not to go down without a struggle. He threw to first base. Henderson scrambled back safely. The crowd—Medich's crowd!—booed him for crabbing the runner's act. Three more times Medich threw to first, and on the third he nearly caught Henderson. Content that he had at least gotten a message across, Medich now addressed himself to the batter, Wayne Gross. Henderson was off with the first pitch, running head down with furious choppy strides toward immortality. Gross, as all A's hitters are instructed to do when Henderson is running, assumed the bunt position to obstruct the catcher. But Simmons had called a pitchout, and he bounded out to his left, away from the plate and the left-hand-hitting Gross, and threw hard to second.

Milwaukee Shortstop Robin Yount caught the ball on the first-base side of second and swept down with his glove

hand at Henderson, who was in the dirt now, crash-landing on his chest with his arms extended and his batting helmet flying off toward leftfield. Second base umpire Mike Reilly gave the "safe" sign as if he were winding up a soft-shoe routine. The Milwaukee fans rose to cheer their team's opponent, while Henderson, with the dust still flying, wrenched the bag loose from its moorings and held it aloft in triumph. The stolen base was transported by County Stadium functionaries to Brock, the dethroned record holder, who waited at home plate for his successor. There, Henderson and Brock exchanged encomiums and Henderson accepted handshakes from various Brewers on the field, including Medich and Simmons. "He seemed like a nice kid," said Medich. A moment earlier, Henderson had sprinted over to plant a kiss on the balding pate of Dwayne Murphy, his outfield mate who had hit second behind him most of the year and had sacrificed his own batting average by taking enough pitches to let Ricky run. "Murph should have half this base," Henderson generously allowed.

Then the game resumed, and Henderson stole three more bases and scored two runs (giving him 107 of those, the most in the majors) as his team lost 5-4. Medich acknowledged that the harder he

tried not to walk Henderson the worse he fared. He walked him three times in all, and, significantly, didn't issue a base on balls to another Oakland hitter. Simmons increased his personal record of futility with Henderson to 0-for-9. Henderson had breezed past Brock's full 162-game season record in his team's 129th game. By the time he's finished running this season, he may have 140, 150 or—could it be?—160 stolen bases. He is, beyond analysis, already the greatest base-stealer in history at the age of 23 (he stole 100 in 1980 when he was 21). Brock, a mathematics major in college, made a science of stealing, breaking down his leads into precise numbers of steps, calculating how



... umpire Merrill called the protesting Henderson out, enabling him to break Ty Cobb's record for being caught stealing.

long it takes a ball to go from pitcher to catcher to second (2.9 seconds under optimum conditions) and speaking endlessly of "keys" and "three-movement deliveries" and similar arcana. Maury Wills, the first 100-base thief (104 in 1962), subordinated virtually every other part of his game and sacrificed his body in the pursuit of base-running perfection, tearing his legs to shreds with his painstaking hook slides. Davey Lopes, whose .831 base-stealing percentage was the highest in major league history entering the season, studies opposing pitchers to the point where he can tell which finger they might employ to banish an offending mote from an eye. Rickey? Well, basically, he just runs as fast as he can, and hits the dirt, as he puts it, "like an airplane coming in for a landing."

There may be faster men in the big leagues—Willie Wilson? Kirk Gibson? Tim Lincecum?—but none reaches maximum speed quicker than Henderson, who needs but two steps to do so, and none hits the base with such force. Henderson gives the appearance of gaining speed with his ferocious headfirst slides which, were it not for the base itself, might carry him to or through the fences. "Henderson comes in belly-first, bent on busting right through you," California Manager Gene Mauch says. "Most runners who dive want to touch the base with their hands. Rickey wants to slide through and let his belly stop him on the base." "He hurts me more diving than anybody else ever did sliding," says Angel Shortstop Tim Lincecum, who suffered a

bruised right wrist earlier last month as a result of a Henderson cannonball slide.

Old Dodger Lopes, now an A's teammate, is frankly amazed by Henderson. "He's much more daring than anyone I've ever seen," he says. "His desire to run is constant. The country just doesn't realize what an accomplishment this is. It's comparable to Joe DiMaggio's hit streak. And he's doing it with a slide that has more disadvantages than advantages. He can hurt his chest, shoulders and hands. The ball can hit him on the head. An infielder can land with his spikes on his hands. But I guess when you're young, your body can take more of a pounding." Henderson has what Brock calls "base-running arrogance. There's mechanics and then there's guts. He defies the pitcher and the catcher."

Henderson may appear to opposing infielders as a 5' 10", 180-pound human jetliner, but in person he's a sweet-tempered, boyish young man who gals with spectators during a game and who kept his mother, Bobbie, and his fiancée, Pamela Palmer, at his side during the last trying days of his run for the record. And they were days of uncommon turmoil, which shouldn't be surprising on a team managed by Billy Martin. Henderson has been practically the only bright spot in what has been a long season for Martin. He was Manager of the Year in 1981 when his young A's took the American League West division championship. This year the team has never been in the running and is currently locked into fifth place. Injuries had reduced Martin's

once-proud pitching staff to six able bodies by the end of last week, and the whole team—including Henderson, whose average is down to .271 from last year's .319—has been in a hitting slump that has put it last statistically in the league. And when Martin benched Murphy, a brilliant centerfielder and the team's RBI leader, for one game last month for misjudging a fly ball, he took his lumps from the press and, through the press, from some players. Talk of his "self-destructing" has been heard again, but, except for punching his own office wall, he has held himself in check so far.

The A's and Martin discovered, as Brock had years earlier, that not every record in baseball is looked on with favor, and base-stealing is one of them. In effect, all base-stealing records are considered tainted in some major league circles because to get them, the record holders must surely have been running when "they shouldn't have"—when their teams have been either well ahead or way behind. That might seem baffling to the ordinary fan, because, as Brock has pointed out, "you don't put a limitation on when a batter should get a hit or how many strikeouts a pitcher should get." Brock started running in the '60s, when stealing indiscriminately was punishable by knockdown pitches or other retaliatory tactics. Obviously, times have changed. Everybody seems to be running now—though no one hits even half as many stolen bases as Henderson. (At week's end Toronto's Damaso Garcia had 48 and Montreal's Raines 60.)

continued



And yet a stigma remains attached to running when the score is lopsided, running, as it is then viewed, solely for personal gain. Prejudices don't die easily. And the A's ran into them all in the last weeks of Henderson's quest.

In truth, Henderson has stolen when games have seemingly been out of hand. On July 2, against Texas, he stole in the ninth inning with his team behind 7-0,



Henderson didn't seem to mind when everybody attempted to steal his time, least of all when his mother (above) did.

and on June 4 he stole against Milwaukee when his team trailed 9-0 in the third inning. In only one game, though, when he stole two bases in the ninth inning against Cleveland on May 1, had he stolen with his team ahead by more than four runs. That's why Martin was insulted on Aug. 21 in Oakland when Boston Pitcher Luis Aponte, presumably under Manager Ralph Houk's orders, threw

three consecutive pitchouts to Gross with Henderson—still six steals with the record—on first in the eighth inning and the A's leading 11-5. Henderson doesn't run on his own, and Martin says he wasn't sending him in a game so one-sided. "Then they did that, made it so obvious they didn't want him to get the record," said Martin. With the count 3-0 on Gross, Henderson stole second and subsequently scored the 12th run. The Red Sox rallied against this violation of baseball etiquette. Martin countered that it was they who provoked it. A far worse controversy lay ahead.

Henderson needed four steals to tie Brock's record and five to break it, with only two games against Detroit remain-

ing in the August home stand before a 10-game road trip. Despite the A's deplorable record, Oakland fans had turned out in record numbers all year—1,535,784 for 66 dates—and Martin and Henderson desperately wanted the record to be set at home. But Tiger Manager Sparky Anderson, although an admirer of Henderson, is of the old school on base-stealing. "I'd just like to go back over the box scores and see how many of those steals meant something," he said before the series began on Aug. 23. "All I know is that Joe Morgan never stole a base when it didn't mean anything and

never when we [the old Cincinnati Reds] were either ahead or behind by four runs. If you're losing 7-0 and steal a base, what's that got to do with the game? I wouldn't count those."

In the first game against the Tigers, Henderson stole his 115th base in the third inning with his team trailing 2-0. But Tiger Catcher Lance Parrish threw him out attempting to steal third in the same inning. Thus Henderson tied the record for times caught stealing, 38, set by Ty Cobb in 1915 when he stole 96 bases. Actually, Henderson has a remarkable 32-for-43 record on attempts to steal third, and of his total "caught-stealings," 13 have come from pickoff plays. This was the third time Parrish had thrown him out this season. Only the Angels' Bob Boone, who has caught him six times in 13 attempts, has done better, and many of the A's believe Boone has been aided by the quick-pitch "balk" moves employed by Angel pitchers.

Henderson needed three steals to tie the record in the last game of the home stand, Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 24. Against the strong-armed Parrish that seemed unlikely, but providence then played a hand. Parrish was called to Detroit that morning to be with his pregnant wife, who had gone into labor. His replacement was Bill Fahey, a 32-year-old third-stringer playing only his 18th game of the season. Martin had managed Fahey at Texas and felt his arm wasn't strong enough to nail Henderson. The prospects of a record suddenly began to look good. Indeed, in the first inning, Henderson walked and stole second and third, Nos. 116 and 117. The crowd of 17,098 was now alive with anticipation. Unfortunately, the Tiger pitcher, Jerry Ujdur, kept Henderson off base in the second and fifth innings. With the A's ahead 3-0 Henderson was due up again in the eighth for what would undoubtedly be his last chance to tie or break the record at home. Enter Fred Stanley.

Stanley, the A's shortstop and a Martin pull from their days together with the Yankees, led off the inning. No one in the ball park, presumably including Stanley himself, wanted to see him get on base ahead of Henderson, and because his batting average was .186, there seemed little chance of it. But Ujdur, who hadn't walked a batter since the third inning, walked Stanley on four pitches, none of them, said Stanley, "even close to the plate." Were the Tigers deliberately depriving Henderson of a record at home by putting a man on base ahead of him?

Henderson followed by driving a sharp single to left on Ujdur's first pitch, a pitch on which, Stanley claimed later, he was attempting to steal second. Despite his big jump, Stanley held at second when Tiger leftfielder Larry Herndon came up throwing. Henderson on first, Stanley on second—now what to do? Before the first pitch to Gross, Stanley, who had taken an inordinately long lead, was easily picked off second by Ujdur, succumbing to Second Baseman Lou Whitaker's tag after a disputed rundown. Did Stanley get picked off on purpose to clear a path for Henderson? In a 14-year major league career, Stanley had stolen exactly 11 bases. Now, on the first pitch to Gross, Henderson took off for the suddenly—and conveniently—open second base. But the Tigers had called a pitchout, and Fahey, the supposed pigeon, threw Hen-

derson out at second—at least in the opinion of second base umpire Durwood Merrill. The A's thought differently, and Murphy, Martin and Coach Charlie Metro were all ejected after a wild argument.

Accusations and counter-accusations issued from the two clubhouses and the umpires' dressing room afterward. Martin charged Merrill with wanting to "get into the act" by becoming the umpire who deprived Henderson of his record. Murphy said that Merrill was wrongly retaliating for what he considered to be Stanley's deliberate out. Stanley said that if he wanted to "make a joke of this," he would've gotten himself thrown out at third on Henderson's hit instead of holding up. In fact, he said, he'd been given the steal sign and had just taken too big a lead. Martin said he had called for a double steal. But Anderson was the most outraged of all. Stanley, he said, had "discredited the game" by, in Anderson's opinion, allowing himself to get picked off. "This has to stand with the Black Sox scandal," said Anderson. "Stanley should have to pay for it. The commissioner should give him the biggest fine ever. I don't see how that guy can live with himself."

It was an ugly scene, and the only re-

cord set that day was a negative one. Henderson had broken Cobb's record for times thrown out, and Fahey helped him do it. The A's had intended to distribute "119" T-shirts if Henderson broke Brock's record that day. "They should make a T-shirt for me," said Fahey.

Martin, bitterly disappointed, took his team on to Milwaukee, where Henderson appeared, as if nothing unusual had happened, at a series of comically sober press

For one expert's opinion about the true value of stolen bases, turn to page 30.

conferences. Unperturbed, Rickey tied the record Thursday night, eluding a pickoff play by Mike Caldwell, and smashed it to smithereens on Friday. On Saturday and Sunday he rested.

Not since Henry Aaron chased and caught the Babe's career home run record in 1974 had there been such a fuss. Henderson had succeeded in making compelling drama of this sometimes despicable facet of the game. It remained for Murphy to sum it up: "You know, every day now for the past two weeks when I've seen Rickey take off, I've felt chills run through me. It's been that exciting." **END**



From 119 to 122: just a night's work for Rickey, here pilfering third in the eighth inning.

A Ram Almost Upstaged The Walrus

A ball was the talk of the World Series of Golf until Craig Stadler let go with a 65 and then won the event in a playoff by DAN JENKINS



There was a money war in professional golf last week, and before it was over on Sunday in the fading light at the Firestone Country Club in Akron, the two guys who had earned the most in 1982, Craig Stadler and Raymond Floyd, had to play four sudden-death holes to determine which one would get out of town with the biggest paycheck of the year, the \$100,000 first prize of the World Series of Golf. The extra holes wound up being more of a chip-off than a playoff. Stadler, the Masters champion, defeated Floyd, the PGA winner, because Stadler had unintentionally given himself chipping practice on the preceding holes and because Floyd uncharacteristically hit a simple chip that took off as if it were on steel-belted radials.

After Stadler and Floyd had tied in regulation at 278, had parred the first three playoff holes and had driven magnificently at the 392-yard par-4 17th, it seemed likely that one of them would pitch close to the pin and then sink a birdie putt. Both went for the flag, but leaked their shots off to the right of the green. Stadler had become accustomed to this. He barely hit the green when the playoff began, at the 14th hole, but he two-putted from about 90 feet to stay alive. He missed the green at the par-3 15th, but chipped up to salvage a par. He missed the green at the par-5 16th from only 120 yards, but again he survived with a tidy chip, while Floyd watched his own 20-foot birdie putt miss the cup by the width of a gnat's eyelash.

Now here they were in the rough off the 17th green. Stadler chipped first and put the ball about two feet from the cup. Floyd then knocked his shot 10 feet past the hole. When Floyd missed the putt for par, Stadler stepped up to his two-footer for a hundred grand and struck it about the way you would expect your partner to in your Sunday foursome. He put it right in the side door.

The ball did go in, however, and when you consider that Stadler had shot a closing round 65, five under par, to catch Floyd, you had to think the appropriate fellow was ultimately rewarded. The fact is, the Walrus' 65 was not only the low round of the tournament but also the only round without a single bogey.

Floyd had a three-stroke lead on the exclusive field of 25 golfers after 54 holes. He had fired rounds of 69, 71 and 68, and

it appeared that Stadler, five strokes behind, had the best chance of making a run at Floyd, because Bob Shearer and Isao Aoki, for all their charm, didn't seem capable of overtaking as tough a frontrunner as Floyd. Besides, Stadler had played aggressively all week and had flirted with lower rounds than the 70, 68 and 75 he shot.

"Everything about this course suits my game," said Stadler. "It's long, and I'm long. It mostly sets up left to right, and I mostly play left to right. In a way, I feel like I've escaped, but in another way, I think I played good enough to win."

From the beginning, the five players vying to become the tour's leading money-winner figured to be the leading contenders at the World Series. Those five and their money totals going into Akron: Floyd (\$331,809), Stadler (\$328,101), Tom Kite (\$308,076), Tom Watson (\$296,715), Lanny Wadkins (\$290,138). Coming out, Stadler had \$428,101 and Floyd \$386,809. The other three still have an outside chance at the money title, and some or all of the top five seem likely to enter more tournaments before the '82 tour concludes with the Walt Disney World Classic Oct. 28-31. "I think we'll all play more tournaments than we'd originally planned because of the money race," said Stadler. "I know my wife is going to make me try to hold the lead."

Stadler's victory was his fourth of the year. If Floyd had won, it would have been his fourth as well. Watson is the only other player to win four events in 1982, and he's still the favorite to end up as the Player of the Year because of his victories in the U.S. and British opens. But he had a mildly embarrassing week in Akron for a reason that had nothing to do with his 10th-place finish. His trouble began before the tournament started with a bulletin posted on the locker room wall:

The Golden Ram Pro Tour B golf ball, white or orange, does not conform with the rules of golf and has been withdrawn from the USGA list of conforming golf balls. It shall not be used until further notice.

—PGA Tour Rules Committee

Because Watson has been using that ball for more than a year, the news was intriguing, to say the least, and could easily have become a more scandalous story



Floyd's finesse on the greens was sabotaged by a ghastly chip in sudden death.

than it was if the media had been in a muckraking mood. At the PGA last month, all the brands of golf balls used on the tour had been collected for one of those periodic routine checks run by the USGA, and Watson's ball had failed. It was too small and therefore what the pros call "hot," meaning it gets greater distance.

People with suspicious minds might have said aha, Watson's been winning with an illegal ball. However, several things should be said on his behalf. First, Watson wouldn't knowingly use an illegal golf ball. If it was illegal before the PGA, he didn't know it, and if it was illegal there, it didn't help him finish better than ninth. Second, the difference between his so-called hot ball and one that isn't is minuscule, both in size and performance. Also, a hot ball isn't much of an advantage unless you hit it straight. The ball that gets a few extra yards is hardly a thing of beauty if it has been aimed at a lake or the deep rough. Watson won his majors with skill and guts, not by means of an unfair edge.

Tour officials such as Clyde Mangum and Jack Tuthill have sizing rings that

they sometimes put a player's ball through to make sure it conforms. The ball is supposed to linger in the ring and then go through. Last week Mangum laughed at the "ball scandal," saying, "If you tested all of the balls in cold weather, they would drop through like peanuts."

To his credit, Watson met the problem head on. The day before the tournament he marched into the press room and said, "I know what the first question is: 'What's wrong with the golf ball?'" He explained the situation as well as he understood it and said he would, for the time being, switch to a Ram ball that had passed the test. So much for what passed for a scandal in Akron, except that Ram will probably increase its ball sales.

Illegal balls were a lot more fun in the old days. Players looking for an edge used to shoot them up with needles—putting lead in the center—to get more distance. Well, the World Series playoff didn't meet the game's exacting standards, either. Mère pars on those four holes were good enough for Stadler. And, finally, if anybody's ball looked hot, it was Floyd's when his chip blew across the green and did him in.

END



The Raiders' debut as the home team in Los Angeles was a success on the field but not up in the seats

by RALPH WILEY

Less Than Colossal In The L.A. Coliseum

On Sunday evening, shortly before the kickoff of his Raiders' first game as the home team in the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum, Managing General Partner Al Davis, dressed in living black and white, climbed the stadium stairs with deliberation, savoring the moment. This was Al's story, and he enjoys making news. He had smiles for the deferential applause, but no magnanimity for the NFL, not before or after the heretofore Oakland Raiders pounded the Green Bay Packers 24-3.

There were 40,906 on hand, and 13,362 go-shows—most of whom were still waiting for the postman to show up with their tickets. The fans in the Coliseum didn't exactly cheer like kin on the dock as the Raiders took the field in their familiar black uniforms. "There are problems," Davis admitted. "This isn't the way you want life to run. This whole business is a totally difficult thing for the organization." Joseph Alioto, Davis' lawyer, said, "It's been a long pilgrimage, and it's not over yet."

Indeed not. Legal, logistical and plain maddening difficulties lie ahead. Davis still must fight off the eminent domain suit filed by the City of Oakland and the NFL's attempts to cancel the Raiders' move through a Congressional antitrust exemption or through the courts. The Raider ticket and business offices are in chaos, caused in part by irate L.A. fans

hungry for season tickets. Make that good season tickets. The Raiders' computer operators are learning on the job, and making mistakes; the practice site is 400 miles from the home stadium; two Coliseums—L.A. and Oakland—are lined and ready for play; and the players are wondering where they should live, and losing sleep over the price of real estate in Southern California. What you've got is one transplanted NFL team destined to be known, at least for the time being, as the Oakland, er, Los Angeles Raiders.

The Raider opening act would have been a dreadful flop if not for the win, and the homecoming of the one true Los Angeles Raider, Running Back Marcus Allen, the 1981 Heisman Trophy winner from USC. Allen is the symbolic break with Oakland Raider football, the new signature of Los Angeles Raider football—and not bad at all as potential superstars go. "The guys asked me what it would be like here," Allen said after ripping through the Packers for 41 yards on nine carries. "I tried to tell them. It made me feel good, them coming to me. They kidded me, saying, 'We're going to Marcus' backyard.' Did I ask them what the atmosphere at the Oakland Coliseum had been like? No, it never came up."

Allen may mean big box office in L.A., but the Raiders say he can bring in wins, too.

The word around the league is that Davis drafted Allen only because he would help the Raiders at the box office. A truly superior running back hasn't been a Raider tradition. The Raiders—in Oakland, anyway—always sent the full-back between the tackles, hoping to take the opponent's mind off the ball, which was in the air far downfield. In Oakland, the Raider halfback was essentially a third tackle protecting the passer. "Well, Marcus has opened our eyes," Davis insisted. "We draft to win. We live to win. We think Marcus isn't the type who needs another top back with him. He needs the ball. And we've got some other runners. For the first time, we've got some numbers." At any rate, the Raiders' front-office staff has grown from 10 to 13 full-time employees.

Davis first invaded L.A. in March of



1980, renting office space at the University Hilton. The Raiders had begun to solicit season-ticket holders two months before that. They received 34,950 orders in 10 days, and more than 61,000 by the time Global Van Lines emptied their Oakland offices in mid-March. The vans were approaching L.A. when a court injunction forced them and the Raiders to return to Oakland. The year 1980 turned out to be a Super Bowl year for the Raiders. The L.A. fans on the waiting list waited. So did Global.

For two years the Raiders waged legal war with the NFL, and on May 7, 1982 they finally won a court decision permitting them to move their operations from Oakland to L.A. Setting up shop at the University Hilton again, the Raiders bought a computer, five terminals and accompanying software from MDS Qun-

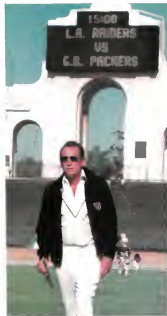
tel, a company that supplies the needs of 10 other NFL teams. But, in the rush to process an avalanche of ticket requests, the computer was blanked out a few times by the inexperienced operators.

"This room is my home," Al LoCasale, Davis' right hand, said early last week while waving a sweaty palm around his command post on the 10th floor of the Hilton. Downstairs, the phones rang like crazy. "We're trying to do in five weeks what usually takes six months." The pace was too much. On Friday, LoCasale, suffering from exhaustion and weakened by walking pneumonia, was admitted to a hospital.

The Raiders have never had much of a public-relations department. Davis has always been his own p.r. man. The organization ran smoothly in Oakland, mainly by refusing to publicly relate, especial-

ly with much of the Bay Area media. What was needed last week was an explanation from the Raiders about the lack of quality seating available at the L.A. Coliseum, fewer than 30,000 of the 92,516 seats are between the goalposts. The people who waited 24 months for the elusive, low-lying, 40-yard-line ducat screamed for heads.

"We'll lose some people," Davis ad-



Davis' dream was up in Coliseum fights.

ly. One season-ticket holder received his packet of tickets in the mail, opened it—and found that each of his four seats was located in a different section. "They're upset with us. It's status with a lot of people, and they're hurt. They thought they'd get better." Davis promised that ticket locations would be

continued



The Raiders will replace a junior high's asphalt with a practice facility redesigned to add a third playing field.



L.A. RAIDERS continued

changed for those disgruntled fans who were persistent enough in bugging the club's ticket office. The Raiders' ticket men must have loved hearing that.

Part of the blame for the ticket snafu was laid on brokers, some of whom did a thriving business by buying blocks and selling reasonably well-located season tickets, worth \$180 and \$150, for up to three times their face value. "It's not that the Raiders are popular," said Dave Adelman, owner of Murray's Tickets. "It's that the Rams are unpopular." Oh? The Los Angeles—er, Anaheim—Rams also played at home last week, on Saturday night, and sold out all 69,007 seats, although there were 14,470 no-shows.

Also unappreciated was the Raiders' preferred seating list, which was a guarded secret. Said LoCasale. "One guy told me, 'You have no constituency in Congress. You can't give away Super Bowls, or expansion teams, or Redskins tickets, or lunch with Johnny Unitas.' " But Davis could reward influential fans with preferred seats, and that was an irritation to a general public that had been consigned to the crowd's nest.

"There are people, most of them with the Coliseum Commission, that you have to give tickets to," said Adelman. "Several thousand, maybe. Without them, the Raiders aren't even here."

"Everybody wants to be between the 40s at the games," said Qantel's Dallas Talley. "The reason there's so much complaining is that nobody had season tickets at one point—and everybody thought they had a shot. I think every club owner wishes he could do his seating plan all over again. I guess getting your friends in is part of the fun of ownership."

The man in charge of the Raiders'

computer system is Steve Ballard. He's assisted by Bob Mishak Jr., son of a Raiders assistant coach. The system is operated by trainees, two of whom are Steve Ballard and Bob Mishak Jr.

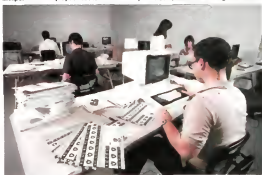
"We've been working, at a minimum, 12 hours a day and sometimes 20," said Mishak Jr. "The system hasn't broken down. The problems are those you'd expect with a boiler-room operation. In punching a keyboard under duress, there's bound to be errors. But if it hadn't been for the system, we wouldn't even have been this far along."

Two days before the Packers exhibition game, James Hardy, general manager of the L.A. Coliseum and Sports Arena, proved a prophet. "The Raiders don't have the arms, legs and hours in the day to get this job done," he said. "If they don't get those tickets out—and it's too late to mail them now—it won't be full. If people don't have their tickets before the weekend, they can't give them to clients and friends, and they'll go unused. The Raiders will have to hand them out at 'will-call.' They might as well use the pan-mutual windows at Santa Anita."

The Raiders anticipate having ticket matters more in hand, the hand of the fan, when they host Cleveland in their last exhibition game on Sept. 4. But the real problem is that the L.A. Coliseum is inferior to Oakland's (which last week was lined up and made ready for the Raiders-Packers game as a publicity gimmick) in all but two areas, its location and its capacity (92,516 vs. 54,616).

continued

Inexperienced employees at the Raiders' computers compounded ticketing headaches.



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Photographed at Medicine Lake, Jasper, Canada.

The L.A. Coliseum is as dark as a confessional, and at night the end zones are even darker. A 400-meter running track surrounds the field, acting as a moat between players and observers. One hundred and fifty luxury boxes, at \$40,000 apiece, will be installed on the stadium's rim by next season; they may have to be placed under the six light standards in order for their occupants to see the action on the field. And, of course, the L.A. Coliseum is eight-years away from the Raiders' regular practice site near the Oakland Coliseum. Their Los Angeles practice facility will be the former El Segundo Junior High, but it won't be available until late October.

"They broke ground [actually, it was asphalt] on August 26," said Ken LaRue, the Raiders' business manager. "There will be seven buildings and three practice fields, one of artificial turf, one of natural Bermuda and one of Hi-Play grass. We just had George Toma [the celebrated Kansas City Royals groundskeeper] out here looking it over."

The 8.8-acre site—the baseball Brett Brothers got their start there—is less than a mile from the ocean and about two miles from L.A. airport. The school was closed three years ago because of declining enrollment. The Raiders may use El Segundo Senior High until the new site is ready. If not, they'll practice each week in the Bay Area and fly to all their regular-season games. "They'll all be road games," sighed LaRue.

Davis said the one group he wanted to shield from trauma was the players, but that was a vain hope. Dave Dalby, the veteran center from UCLA (which, by the way, has now moved its home football site from the Coliseum to the Rose Bowl in Pasadena), said, "It's such a sad thing when I think of the Oakland fans."

The Oakland Coliseum and that city's fathers cling to the hope that the city's eminent domain suit, the appeal of the May 7 verdict or the NFL's Washington lobby may yet return the team to Oakland, but they may be whistling in the wind. Davis still has his home in the Piedmont area of the Oakland Hills, and LoCasale has his in nearby Alameda. Coach Tom Flores will reside in Lafayette for one more year, until his daughter graduates from high school, and then he expects to move south. "If I can afford it," said Flores.

For now the players seem more con-



Hayes: no stickum but still a stickout.

cerned about logistics than football. As Wide Receiver Bob Chandler, who has lived in the L.A. area for years, put it, "This has to take its toll on us. I don't know if most guys can realistically comment on it, because no one has ever done it before. I don't think it enhances the atmosphere. We still really haven't been told the agenda. It's the not knowing that's difficult."

"I have a condo in Oakland," said Tackle Henry Lawrence. "I guess I'll rent

it." "I like my house up there," said Tackle Art Shell. "So do my wife and two sons. I'm going to keep it. But times are changing, I guess."

"When we put on the black jersey, we're at home wherever," said Linebacker Rod Martin. "I own a house in the Bay Area, and I'm not in a hurry to sell it."

Safety Mike Davis, the team's player rep, said he felt the players should be financially compensated for the move. "In a sense, we've all been traded or transferred, that's the business term," said Davis. "I have two mortgages to pay now, and I don't want a third."

Fullback Mark van Eeghen was incensed when the move was first brought up nearly three years ago. He went on record in a tirade about the ethics of such a switch. But as Cornerback Lester Hayes said, "We had to realize that business is business."

A sobered van Eeghen confronted Al Davis after practice one day. "Don't you care, aren't you mad about what I said?" he asked.

Said Davis, "Just win."

END

The Oakland Coliseum stood ready for the Packers' game as a p.r. ploy, but some Raider fans already had seats in L.A.



So What's All The Fuss?

Rickey Henderson may be the man of the hour but, argues the author, base stealing has never really amounted to very much by **BILL JAMES**

Of the 10 top single-season base stealers in modern history, eight played for second-place teams. I mention this not because it proves the point I'm going to make, but merely because I think it's an interesting coincidence. When Maury Wills stole 104 bases in 1962, breaking Ty Cobb's major league record of 96, which had stood for 47 years, the Dodgers lost the pennant in the 165th game, a playoff with the Giants. A National League umpire said that fall that Wills's running had cost the Dodgers the pennant. Junior Gilliam, said the ump, had taken a lot of pitches that he could have hit to allow Wills to steal. Three years later, Wills became the only one of the top base stealers to lead his team to a pennant. Of course, he had a little help from Sandy Koufax and Don Drysdale.

More than any other statistical category, stolen bases fluctuate in response to everything else that changes in the game. This is because stolen bases aren't—really—very important. Contrary to popular belief, stolen bases don't create very many runs. Nor do they have very much to do with determining who wins and who loses. Good teams don't steal very many more bases than bad teams. Stolen bases have come and gone throughout baseball history because they are a sort of trendy item, an offensive trinket that has attracted managers at times but has been blithely ignored by them at others.

In the early part of this century, there were many more stolen bases than there are now. It was an era in which there were very few home runs; thus, a player's chances of being driven home, should he be on first, were comparatively slight. When the home run became common after 1920—the number of home runs more than tripled between 1917 and 1922—a base runner's chances of scoring from first improved greatly. His chances of scoring from second didn't change very much at all, thus lessening his incentive to steal.

Look at the running game, if you will, as an investment in which there is a cer-

tain measure of risk: A loss on the investment would occur if a runner who has been caught stealing would have scored anyway had he not attempted to steal. A gain on the investment would occur if a runner's chance of scoring increased with a successful steal.

When more home runs are hit, a runner's chances of scoring from any base increase. Thus the potential gain on the investment becomes smaller, the potential loss greater.

In other words, attempted base steal-

ing is simply not worth the risk when a lot of home runs are being hit.

Major league managers are neither statisticians nor investment counselors, but they aren't idiots, either. Baseball men may say any number of silly things, but strategy is self-correcting in sports. By a form of natural selection, the strate-



gies and habits that come into common practice in the game are almost unerringly logical, i.e., teams whose strategies don't work lose games, abandon those strategies and imitate the winners.

After 1920, every team wanted someone to imitate Babe Ruth. From 1920 until the 1950s, teams carefully kept their outfield fences within comfortable reach and scoured the bushes for large, muscular men who could reach them. Home runs became more and more plentiful, and for that reason the cost of an unsuccessful steal attempt soared higher and higher. Hence the number of attempted steals sank lower and lower.

Dodging fire from the right, the stolen

base came under attack from the left with the introduction of night baseball in 1935. Night baseball drove batting averages down. No one knows exactly how much of the 20-point decline in major league batting averages between the mid-'30s and the early '60s is attributable to night baseball; I would say roughly all of it. Lowered batting averages reduced a player's chances of scoring from second base, thus again reducing the profit on a successful steal.

Caught between these two forces, the stolen base all but disappeared from major league baseball for 20 years. Major league baseball, I said. By the 1940s, baseball was being played in all kinds

and, in fact, ushered in a nine-year period of relative stagnation in the development of the stolen-base offense. Stolen bases per 100 major league games rose from 27 in 1953 to 42 in 1962, increasing almost every year. By 1971 they had risen to only 45.5 per 100 games—an annual growth rate of less than 1% for the period following Wills.

The 1950 season represents a "false bottom" to the stolen-base curve, a season in which an outrageous jump in power totals pushed stolen bases to an all-time, but artificial, low. That year Dom DiMaggio led the American League with 15 steals. The real bottom of the curve, however, was the period 1953-55. In 1954 Jackie Jensen made a singular contribution to the history of the tandem offense: He led the American League in stolen bases and also set a record, which still stands, for grounding into double plays. This required considerably more grounding into double plays (32) than it did base stealing (22).

Why did the stolen base come back to the game in the late '50s? The way was opened for its return, in a sense, by its mere absence: More and more teams were ignoring the stolen base as something that had to be defended against. Since no one was stealing, throwing ability at the catching position became secondary to getting another big bat in the lineup. It would be silly to give up offense for a good throwing arm if nobody was going to steal any bases on you anyway. Some of the catchers of the 1950s who were even regarded as good-to-excellent defenders—Andy Seminick, Gus Triandos and Sherm Lollar, to name a few—were solid, muscular men who could no more spring out of a crouch and fire than they could leap off a branch and fly. The poorer defensive catchers of the time, including Smoky Burgess, Stan Lopata and Frank House, often couldn't get out of a crouch at all.

There is another critical point to consider here, of course. Before 1947, major league baseball was played exclusively by white Americans in handbox parks, in which their style of play—dominated as it was by the long ball—was becoming increasingly narrow and stultified. In the meantime, their black and Latin American counterparts were playing in environments which were, to put it mildly, diverse: one day a major league stadium, the next day a cow pasture. They played,

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENNIS LUZAK



Wills (above) was no revolutionary; Brook discovered that a rolling start was better than an extra-long lead.



of places and under all kinds of conditions.

It is astonishingly common in sports—who knows why?—for legends to develop that contradict the facts in the most direct possible manner. One such canard is that Maury Wills rediscovered the stolen base in 1962; that following his dramatic example of increasing his league-leading total from 35 to 104 in one year, the stolen base revolution began. Nothing could be further from the truth. A look at the stolen-base totals of the last 30 years (see graph, page 32) clearly shows that the 1962 season marked the end of a seven-year cycle of rapid growth in stolen-base totals

by all accounts, a wide-open, aggressive game in which the stolen base was a prominent feature.

When Jackie Robinson finally led these players to the majors, they found a game which was ill equipped to defend against many of the things that they could do—most of all, steal bases. The movements toward more home runs and lower batting averages continued until the 1960s, but stolen bases began to increase with the influx of black and Latin players. It's doubtful that the players of the 1960s ran any faster as a group than those of the 1940s and 1950s. Yet Frank Robinson stole more than six times as many bases in his career as Joe DiMaggio, even though DiMaggio was faster afoot than Robinson. Indeed, by 1961, stolen-base rates had grown by 30% in 11 years, and Luis Aparicio was firmly established as the first great base stealer of the modern era, swiping 160 bases over a three-year period, the most by any major-leaguer since the lively ball era began in 1920. It's worth noting that since 1953, every major league stolen-base leader has been black or Hispanic.

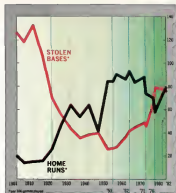
What Maury Wills did only served notice that the stolen-base revolution had arrived. Because Wills's accomplishment was so stunning, he got credit for starting it. In fact, because Wills called attention to it, he very nearly brought it to a halt.

The years following 1962 were char-

acterized by a frantic search for new and better defensive catchers. In what must be a record of its kind, 11 of the 20 major league teams had a different No. 1 catcher in 1963 from the one they had had in 1962. Three of the new catchers—Tim McCarver, Bill Freehan and John Bateman—were 21 or younger. Older ones like Doc Edwards, Earl Battey and Clay Dalrymple must have felt lucky to hold on to their jobs. Smoky Burgess may have become the last .328 hitter to lose his.

Teams combed the woods for hot young catching prospects who could throw. Not surprisingly, quick, strong-armed youngsters, who might have spurned catching before, began to gravitate toward the position. Another remarkable coincidence: There were probably more outstanding catchers born in 1947 than in any other year, notably Johnny Bench, Thurman Munson, Ray Fosse and Bob Boone. With those catchers coming along, plus Carlton Fisk, a year younger, and strong throwers like Freehan and Joe Torre who were already in business, the rate of increase in stolen bases slowed through the '60s.

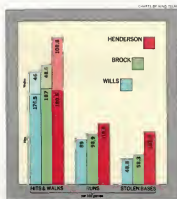
And by 1962 baseball men finally observed that the abundance of home runs was making the homer seem cheap, and therefore not exciting. They addressed this problem in typical fashion by doing something that made absolutely no sense: They made the strike zone larger. We thus had a decade of .215-hitting shortstops who swung from the heels and contributed a home run now and again—with the bases empty, of course—resulting in an unending string of 1-0 and 2-0 and



When HRs soared, SBs plummeted (1917-53). Non-whites ran wild ('53-62) until defenses caught up. Brock led a surge ('71-76) that has ended despite Henderson's feats.

2-1 games that magnified every nuance and subtlety of a nuance-plagued and subtly-riddled sport. In the matter of stealing bases, the game became schizophrenic. If you stole second, it was less likely that anyone would hit the single to drive you in, while if you stayed on first, you might be brought around by a home run. On the other hand, with the low scores, the value of a single run, if you could get it, was greatly magnified. Stolen-base totals thus fluctuated throughout the decade. On balance, there was a good gain in raw totals, a small decline in percentages of successful steals. It was, in short, the most god-awful boring brand of baseball ever devised. I blame the whole thing on [Commissioner] Spike Eckert. People who should have been screaming at the umpires and managers and debating over who would be Rookie of the Year began screaming at the police and the President and worrying about evil and social injustice and stuff. Attendance often suffered.

Wills was the greatest base stealer of his time, but he was making a basic mistake, and Lou Brock would eventually discover it. Wills made a science of getting as big a lead as possible. He always said that if you could get back to the base standing up, your lead wasn't big enough. The best base stealers of the later '60s—Brock, Joe Morgan and Jimmy Wynn—regarded Wills as the oracle on the subject; they never discussed their craft



Henderson is head and shoulders above Brock and Wills.

without including a tribute to Wills. In 1972 Brock finally realized something: Getting as big a lead as possible isn't necessarily the best idea.

You can test Brock's discovery on your drive to work tomorrow morning. Suppose you're at a red light and one block away there's another light, which you know is going to turn red if you don't get there in 3.2 seconds. You have two options: Get as far into the intersection as you possibly can, so as to reduce the distance to the next light, or time the light and be rolling just as it changes. Which method will get you to the next light faster?

Sure, Brock finally realized that a little bit of momentum is worth much, much more than a little bit of distance. Wills had made a practice of nailing himself down in the middle of the intersection, unable to squirm until the light changed. Brock pioneered the rolling start. It was during the five years following Brock's realization that we saw the real emergence of the modern running game. Brock's record of 118 stolen bases came in 1974, of course. By '76, stolen bases per 100 games had reached a lofty 79. That figure hasn't risen since, and despite Rickey Henderson, it won't this year.

Obviously, the great leap forward cannot be attributed solely to a refinement in technique. Nor can it be attributed primarily to a refinement in technique. Like most of the changes that occur in baseball, this one was chiefly effected by the environment. Between 1968 and 1972, four teams moved from cozy old grass-field, Babe Ruth-era parks into new, spacious, plastic-turfed stadiums. Three of those teams—the Phillies, Reds and Royals—showed huge increases in stolen bases shortly after the move. So did the Astros and Brock's Cardinals, who went artificial in 1965 and '66, respectively, and the Expos, who joined them in '77. The fact that people can run faster on artificial turf than on grass explains part of the rise—a very small part. The principal reason why stolen base totals have increased so much since 1972 is the new ball parks themselves. First, because fans didn't want to see cheap home runs, the fences were built appropriately far away. Second, care was taken in the construction of these parks to ensure good visibility for the batters.

What did this mean to the base stealer? The higher batting averages im-

proved a player's chance of scoring from second, and thus increased the potential profit on the stolen base; the declining home-run rate, meanwhile, decreased the cost of a runner being caught stealing. In short, home runs and stolen bases are competing methods of advancing base runners. The fewer home runs there are, the more stolen bases there will be, simply because the risk of attempting to steal outweighs the value of staying put.

1) Wills never led his league in runs scored. Brock led his league once and tied for the lead once. Neither Campaneris nor Aparicio ever scored 100 runs in a season. Henderson scored 111 his first full year up, led his league in his second (strike-shortened) year with 89, and is likely to lead the league this year with far more than 100.

2) In 1962, Wills's greatest season from every standpoint except batting av-



In Cobb's era, which was pre-lively ball, little things—like stolen bases—meant a lot.

What conclusions can we draw, now that the Rickey Henderson era is upon us? Merely that Henderson is an amazing ballplayer. As an offensive force, he's greater than either Wills or Brock (see chart, page 32)—incomparably greater, in fact, than any other leadoff man of this century. The great leadoff men of the home-run years, 1920-60—players like Richie Ashburn, Eddie Yost, Dom DiMaggio, Maxie Bishop and Earle Combs—had their excellence measured by their ability to get on base. The great leadoff men of the stolen-base years, pre-1920 and since 1960—players like Max Carey, Wills, Brock, Aparicio and Bert Campaneris—were good-to-excellent hitters and great base stealers. Henderson is the only player to excel at both skills. Consider a few comparisons:

He reached base 208 times on hits and 51 times on walks, a total of 259. Brock nosed past that total three times, reaching a peak of 276 in 1971. Henderson reached base 296 times in his first full season—301 if you include when he was hit by pitches. As of last Friday, he had already reached base on walks and hits 236 times. Wills and Brock each reached base about 1.4 times per game; Henderson's average is 1.79.

3) Among the many records that Henderson has broken or is threatening this year, the most amazing to me, and the most important to his team, is the American League record of 143 runs scored by a leadoff man. It's held by Earle Combs of the 1932 Yankees. But he played for a team that hit .286 with lots of power and averaged 6.5 runs per game. Henderson is

continued

threatening to break the record with a team that is hitting .232 and is ninth in the league in runs scored, 4.3 per game.

4) Henderson's 122nd stolen base was the 311th of his career. He's 23 years old. At the same age Brock had stolen 16 bases; Wills had stolen none. If Henderson doesn't steal another base until 1986, when he will be 28, he will still have stolen more bases than Brock had at the same age. It's very possible that Henderson may pass Maury Wills's career total of 586 by the time he's 26. It's even possible that Henderson will break Brock's all-time career record of 938 bases by the time he's 30.

Yet for all the fame they're bringing him, Henderson's stolen-base exploits this year have done virtually nothing to help his team from a dismal fate. Why? Despite the attention they command, stolen bases are not, I repeat, very important. Picture a vast desert. A single tumbleweed blowing across the landscape will attract the eye because it's the only thing moving. A runner stealing bases draws attention not because what he's doing is important, but because he is moving. Nobody gets excited about records for doubles or triples; very few people even know what those records are: doubles—67, Earl Webb, 1931; triples—36, Owen (Chief) Wilson, 1912. In the last 10 years, batting averages are up a few points, home runs are up maybe 5%. You have to be a statistician to care about stuff like that. Maybe the most significant result of Henderson fever is the inclusion of stolen base totals into newspaper box scores this year for the first time. It sure makes my job easier.

How important are stolen bases? In an article in the 1976 *Journal of the Society of American Baseball Research*, George Wiley reported on many years of study to determine the correlation between records in each statistical category and team success. He found the correlation between stolen bases and team wins "so low as to conclude that in themselves they have little or no effect on final team standing." Wiley was studying baseball history from 1920 to 1960; you may be heartened to learn that the correlation is a little higher in our own time. But not

much: This year the fifth-place A's lead the American League in stolen bases, last year it was the sixth-place Cleveland Indians.

Some teams, like the A's, Royals and Expos, do generate a few extra runs by stealing bases, but other teams, like the Orioles, Red Sox and Cubs, would score more runs than they do if they never attempted to steal a base.

Pete Palmer of the Sports Information Center in Quincy, Mass., one of the premier analysts of the game, estimates that each stolen base creates .2 of a run for a

base champion as the MVP. In the 19 years since Wills's big MVP season, not another stolen-base champion has won the award. Thirteen home-run champs have been MVPs in that period, eight batting titlists, 14 slugging percentage leaders, 18 RBI leaders, 10 runs-scored leaders, plus three or more who led in walks, at bats, hits, doubles, triples, shut-outs and ERA. Obviously, many MVPs have led in more than one of these categories. Six players who didn't lead in anything have won the award. If people really believe that stolen bases are important, why are stolen-base champions the only ones who have been blanked? Will Henderson win this year? My personal favorite is Milwaukee's Robin Yount.

I sometimes point out that in the last 20 years, eight teams have led their league in stolen bases and still finished last—twice the number of last-place finishers who led their league in all the other major offensive categories combined. This provokes an inevitable response: Teams that don't have very much power are more likely to steal. Sure they are—but on the other hand, teams that don't have very much speed are more likely to hit home runs. They don't finish last. Nobody seems surprised to learn this.

Where are stolen-base totals going? If more stadiums are built with wide-open spaces in the outfield, we could be entering an era in which it will take 100 stolen bases to lead the league. But the three newest stadiums in baseball, the Kingdome, Minnesota's Humpdome and Montreal's Olympic Stadium are home-run hitters' parks, and home-run totals seem to be rising again. Any team that can build an offense around power, will.

One year when Maury Wills was in the Class-A Western League, along with Bill White, who went on to be the Cardinal first baseman and now is a broadcaster, White led that league with 40 stolen bases. Wills had 28. When Wills broke the major league record, White was asked if it showed how hard Wills had worked to improve himself. "It sure does," White replied. "Besides, I don't have to steal bases to stay in the majors."

Exactly.



Boone typifies the breed of rifle-armed catchers that displaced plodders like Burgess.

team, and that each player caught stealing costs that team about .35 of a run. If those figures are accurate, then Henderson's base stealing this season has produced a net gain of about a dozen runs for the A's. That's a nice auxiliary contribution from an outstanding player, but in the context of the hundreds of runs that can separate the best offense from the worst, it's peanuts.

You may not find those arguments convincing. I understand. I never believe anything an economist says, myself. But in a strange way, most people already know that the stolen base isn't really important. Nobody votes for the stolen-

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Strawberry daiquiris might not seem to be the drink of choice among NFL linebackers, but that's what Cecil Johnson orders in a Tampa oyster bar. He's telling a story about ducks in his childhood. Some 6' 2", 235-pound pro linebackers are reputed not to have had childhoods, much less remember them fondly, but Cecil isn't quite your regulation guy. He's the Jolly Roger of the Tampa Bay Buccaneers.

The tale begins with Johnson's family sitting around the Sunday dinner table gnawing meat off bones.

"Mighty tasty chicken, Mil," Cecil says. Mil is his mother, Mildred.

"That's not chicken," says his brother, Earl.

"Whatya mean?" Cecil says.

"I mean, this's not chicken."

"Daddy," says Cecil in sudden anxiety, "where's Donald?" Donald is the cherished family duck.

"I don't know," his father hedges.

"Daddy," Cecil repeats, "where's Donald?"

"Oh, he died," says Daddy finally. "You eating him, Cecil."

This is the kind of barroom chat that Cecil puts out. He'll say anything that

pops into his head. And his football career has followed an even more random pattern than his conversation.

Johnson, who's 27, came out of a Miami ghetto with 4.7 speed in the 40. At Miami Jackson high he was a starter but not a star. Few colleges were interested. Pittsburgh discovered him only when a Panther scout came to look at four of Johnson's teammates. At Pitt he demonstrated little but versatility (or his coaches' vacillation) by playing five positions: noseguard, defensive tackle, defensive end, linebacker and even a little defensive back.

Johnson's roommate at Pitt, Tony Dorsett, was a first-round pick in the 1977 draft, but because Cecil kept moving around on defense, NFL scouts couldn't get a line on him. The Eagles told him they'd pick him in an early round. "I waited and waited for my name to come up," Johnson recalls sadly. "I'm still waiting." Eventually, he signed with the Bucs as a free agent.

Johnson became a starter his rookie year, and in his first four NFL seasons was a fairly good outside linebacker, perhaps best remembered for tearing a ligament of Miami Quarterback Bob Griese's left knee with a blind-side tackle during a 1978 exhibition game. But after a disappointing 5-10-1 finish in 1980, the Bucs drafted Hugh Green and handed him Johnson's job. Ironically, Johnson had helped recruit Green at Pitt.

Johnson moved to inside linebacker reluctantly. "I knew there were going to be changes," he says, "but I didn't think I'd be one of them. I thought, 'I already know a position. Leave me where I am.' I was sort of humiliated."

Changing to a new position is always dangerous. "Being a middle linebacker," says Johnson, "is like walking through a lion's cage with a three-piece pork-chop suit on."

Some of his teammates privately expressed doubts that Johnson could make the adjustment. "I figured he was more of a 'finesse' linebacker than a power linebacker," says Quarterback Doug Williams. "But he changed my mind. He showed me he could do it." The switch



Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Johnson

Affable Tampa Bay Linebacker Cecil Johnson turns into a lethal hitter on the field and a deadly needler in the locker room **by FRANZ LIDZ**

turned out to be the making of Johnson as a football player and of Tampa Bay as a team. Johnson was the Bucs' defensive signal caller and their steadiest player, racking up 10 or more tackles in each of his last 11 games as Tampa Bay rallied from a slow start to finish 9-7 and win the NFC Central title. His 174 tackles were a team record and his five interceptions were the most by a Buccaneer linebacker in the six-year history of the franchise. The season ended for Johnson

when he was thrown out of the Bucs' playoff loss to Dallas for fighting. "I guess I was playing a little too rough," he says. But Coach John McKay liked Johnson's aggressiveness enough to make him a defensive co-captain this year.

Johnson's manner on the field is light and loose and lively. "We'll be backed up against our goal line," says Defensive Back Norris Thomas, "and Cecil will still be in a joyful mood, cracking jokes to ease the tension. And his attitude just

drips off to the other guys." Texas A&M Coach Jackie Sherrill, an assistant at Pitt when Johnson played there, says he is probably the best "locker room player" he ever had. "He had a great knack for keeping everybody in the right frame of mind," says Sherrill. "A football team needs somebody around to keep people loose, and that's what Johnson did better than anyone else."

Johnson's teammates think he's slightly more swampy than the Okefenokee,

continued



and he is. "He's not the craziest person I know," says Defensive Tackle Dave Logan, "but he's definitely in the playoffs."

Some of Johnson's fellow Bucs detect a Mr. Hyde component in his joking Dr. Jekyll. "I think there are at least three or four Cecils inside me," he says.

First, there is the quick and deadly linebacker that running backs find in their paths as they cross the line of scrimmage. "He was the only guy I ever saw knock Tony Dorsett cold," says Johnny Majors, Johnson's head coach at Pitt. "He did it as a freshman during a scrimmage in a half-line drill. A straight shot. He hit him like a rattlesnake."

Dorsett remembers a lot of Johnson's

he says. "And no team can measure a heart."

Then there is plain-clothes Cecil, the friendly, down-home baby of the family, a guy who is soft-spoken and extraordinarily cordial. He has the look of a drowsy alligator. He wears a squashed Afro with tendrils escaping in kind of a fuzzy halo. And he appears to have dressed himself in the dark. His suburban Tampa split-level bachelor pad is replete with two waterbeds, seven color TVs, five stereos, 26 speakers and a Jacuzzi. His bedroom is mirrored on the ceiling and three walls. On the fourth wall is a phosphorescent painting that purports to be of a tropical sunset, but looks more

He's all right with womenfolk. I like the way he sneaks around, plus he comes out at night."

Johnson says he uses the films to prep for teams like the Raiders. "There are some real monsters on the Raiders," he says. "They're large. They're very large. Their guards are such big crabs that I can't see who they've got in the backfield. I wish I could. I'm probably missing a good game of football."

Johnson acts like an older brother to some of the rookies. "My mother always told me that if you think as much for others as you think for yourself, you'll never have to take care of yourself." He often lends the younger Bucs cars from his collection. He's got matching Mercedes, contrasting Cadillacs, a Lincoln, a Rolls and a Buick. "I started buying them when I joined the Bucs," he says. "And I didn't know when to stop."

There is also the brash, stinging Cecil of the clubhouse, the master of deadpan humor who can lace the mouths of his Tampa Bay teammates shut with strings of one-liners.

"I'm an equal opportunity needler," Johnson says. "I get them if they're black, white, poor, rich, linemen, free safeties, rookies or holdouts."

Johnson has given everyone nicknames. He calls the big-footed Logan "Sasquatch." Offensive Guard Ray Snell is "Marian." "He must be one," Johnson insists. "He's black and got green eyes. They sent him down on some mission. Got to dye his eyes." Then there are the "faces"—Moon-Crater Face and Barney Rubble Face. Johnson calls 6'3", 260-pound Offensive Guard Eugene Sanders, whose hair, he says, stands on end, "Godzilla." Not Godzilla Face? "Hell, no," says Johnson emphatically. "You see how big he is? I call him Godzilla straight up. There ain't no face in it."

On the playing field, Cecil, who's variously known around the Bucs as Big Daddy and Cecil the Diesel, is equally imaginative. "I can't repeat what he says during a game," says Doug Williams, "because a lot of it isn't legal." The language is, to put it charitably, colorful, and as Cecil's idol, Boris Karloff, used to say, there are some things that it is better not to know.

"He's a fool," says Linebacker Andy Hawkins, "but he's a guy you can depend on." Hugh Green recalls Johnson the recruiter as a "wild dude, but he told me

continued



On one of his water beds Johnson can sink into dreams of floating away to paradise.

strikes "Cecil's favorite was the head slap," he says. "Sometimes after practice his hand would be so sore from those slaps that somebody would have to help him get undressed. But he'd be out there the next day—whap! whap!"

"The explosion Cecil could put into a hit amazed me," Sherrill says. But Sherrill wasn't surprised that Johnson went undrafted by the pros. "He hadn't the size that pro teams like in linebackers,"

like the aftermath of a nuclear holocaust.

Johnson's teammates congregate daily at this pleasure palace. The players sit around and watch tapes of horror movies; sometimes there are two films going at once on Johnson's enormous video consoles. His collection runs the gamut from *Frankenstein* to *My Bloody Valentine*. He's especially fond of *Dracula*, "Dracula's my man man," says Johnson. "I've got about every film he's been in.

"I couldn't live without her,
so I gave her a big incentive to stick around."



I wanted to get Beth a diamond engagement ring as big and beautiful as our future together looked. A diamond that told the world that this wonderful woman wasn't marrying just anyone. She was marrying me.

Now I'd found out that today a good guideline for getting the most beautiful diamond you can afford is to spend about 2 months' salary.

So 2 months it was. And as proud of her as I am, she's even prouder of that ring.

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A diamond is forever. De Beers



MR. JOHNSON *continued*

the truth about how things would be at Pitt and what to look out for. Cecil inspired me and made me eager to go there."

When Green learned he had been drafted by the Bucs, the first thing he said on live national television was "Hey, I'm gonna be with Cecil." Now teammates jokingly refer to Green as Johnson's personal valet. Even Dewey Selmon, who lost his starting inside linebacker spot to Johnson in last year's exhibition season and was eventually traded to San Diego, has only nice things to say about him. "You can't hate someone you laugh at," he says. "Cecil is saying forget sophistication; it's a game, let's play it like a game. But under all the jokes is a highly moral, intelligent human being."

Johnson has never been married, but he supports a 7-year-old daughter, Latarsha. He has a great emotional generosity, and establishes an easy rapport with children, whom he enlists in a kind of conspiracy against seriousness. He regularly visits the children's wards of Tampa hospitals on his own, or, sometimes, dragging a teammate along. He practices his jive bedside manner on severe burn victims and cancer patients, not just kids in for tonsillectomies.

"Most players have an aversion to dying children," says Sandy Cottrell, a Bucs administrative assistant. "They'll pat a child on the head and leave. But Cecil will hold the child's hand and talk. It



sounds as if I'm talking about somebody not real, but Cecil has a very special relationship with kids."

"I feel I owe it to them," Johnson says. "I guess it's because I was so bad when I was young. Some people don't want to be bothered, but when I remember the things that were done for me, I want to do the same for everyone else."

Liberty City, where Johnson grew up, is a Miami slum best known for the riots of 1969 and 1980. His father, Charlie, owned Charlie's Pool Hall, a dingy cinderblock cantina in the center of the burnout area. It sat there like a target where everyone was shooting; shooting pool, shooting dope, shooting each other.

Charlie, a thickset fellow with a perpetually tired expression, ran the place for 27 years. Regular customers included

Scarhead, Slimie, Dead-Eye Dick, Seeing-Eye Mafia and Houdini. Cecil liked these characters, though his father hardly ever allowed him to mingle with them. Cecil marveled at their gangster getups: tailor-made suits, flashing diamond rings and shiny spats. "There was nothing I wanted more than to become a gangster," he recalls. "My favorite TV show was *The Untouchables*, and I thought my only problem was going to be to find a way to off Eliot Ness."

Three years ago Charlie got out of the business and rented his parlor to a

Thanks to Cecil's generosity Charlie is no longer behind the eight ball and Mildred and he are planted in a better neighborhood.

guy who calls it Brown's Coffee Shop. Among the old signs still on the wall is one announcing that PRACTICING IS 15¢ A CUE A HOUR. Charlie and most of the regulars still show up. Houdini comes on crutches; he got winged standing too close to a floating crap game. About the only person who doesn't play is Charlie. "I never did learn the game," he says. "I figured I'd start to gamble."

As one of 11 children, Cecil had to fight for position. "He always wanted to compete with the other children," says his mother warmly. "He's thrown all kinds of things at them: eggs, shoes, bottles, bricks. He just loved to throw. I always thought he was going to be a baseball pitcher, but he wound up being a football player. Imagine that!"

Young Cecil would play football on a

continued



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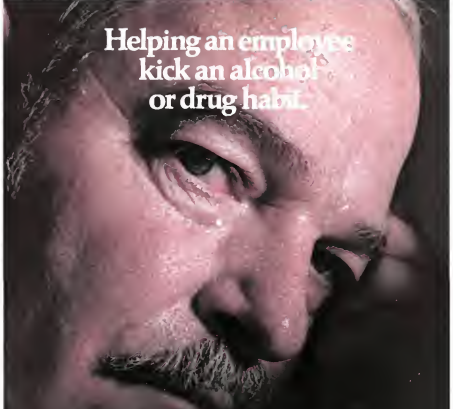




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Last year Chicago's Walter Payton was one of Cecil's Buccaneer-record 174 tackles.

MR. JOHNSON continued

raggedy, rock-filled lot near his home "Cecil loved to dish out punishment," recalls Archie Lankford III, Cecil's boyhood chum. "You were guaranteed a busted lip. We weren't playing like some ragtag team. This was tackle football."

All the kids in the neighborhood called his mother Mama, and Cecil didn't always like that. He'd say, "That ain't none of your mama, that's my mama." It was hard enough fighting for his mother's attention with his 10 brothers and sisters. "I never did want more than four or five," says Charlie, "but hell, they got here." Cecil's not the only success story in his family. One brother, Robert, used to play drums for the disco soul group K.C. & The Sunshine Band and a sister, Albertha, is an assistant principal of a Maryland middle school. However, brother Earl is doing 119 years in prison for the rape-robbery of an elderly widowed storekeeper.

If Cecil learned compassion from his mother, he may have gotten his funny ways from his father. On fishing expeditions Charlie used to tell Cecil to watch out for "scuttlers" (his term for octopuses) lurking under the waves. "They're nine or 10 feet long," he'd say. "And they'll reach up on giant passenger ships, grab three or four people by the neck, pull them off and eat them. And they have all kinds of heads and feet."

When Cecil left his family for the first time, to go to Pittsburgh, he suffered from chronic homesickness. He'd call his mother at least several nights a week, and fly back to Miami nearly every weekend. His mother finally got him to remain in

college. She told her 190-pound baby son, "I think you need to grow up and be a big boy. You're not gonna learn nothing coming home and staying with me. But if you want to do the things you promised me, you stay in Pittsburgh."

He had promised to get an education, get his father a car and his parents a big house. And he did. He got his degree in four years, in child psychology, gave his father one of his Caddies (though Charlie disconnected the portable phone because he "didn't care for the beepin'") and bought his folks a new home with a swimming pool and coconut trees away from the ghetto. There he keeps a big room for himself, in case of a relapse.

"I always lost faith in things people promised me," says Cecil. "That's why I try to keep my promises. I may not get around to them exactly when I said I would, but I always get around to them."

On a recent sunny afternoon, when Johnson arrived at the pediatrics ward at Tampa General Hospital, he generated enough energy to light a small city. He could hardly get to the children because the nurses were lined up eight deep for his autograph.

He plowed through to the room of a 6-year-old with a badly infected foot. A poster of Cecil hung on the wall, and tears ran down the boy's cheeks. Cecil greeted him with a high-five.

"You be frowning up?" asked Cecil.

"No," said the boy, brightening.

"You cry?"

"Yes."

"It hurt?"

"Yes."

"You take care of that foot now, you hear?"

The boy smiled bashfully. "Will you sign it?" he said. Cecil feigned a scowl. "I'm tired of giving out autographs," he said. "How about giving me one?" They exchanged signatures and more high-fives. "Thanks, Cecil," said the boy.

A couple of nurses peered into the room. One chuckled, and the other nodded and said, "That Cecil Johnson is sweet people."

END

Johnson is an All-Pro when it comes to visiting children in Tampa area hospitals.



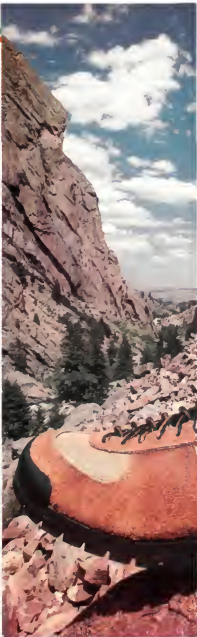
Light on your feet

What does a hiker do first after a hard day on a mountain trail? It's 10 to 1 he kicks his boots off. The fact is, the climbing boot is an uncomfortable walking shoe; most are stiff and heavy, and bruises and blisters often detract from an otherwise exhilarating day. For years, smart climbers have worn running shoes to reach the difficult part of a climb, then have donned their rock-climbing boots. Shoe manufacturers have now combined the best of shoe and boot to create a product especially for hikers and backpackers. The result is snappy-looking footwear that tips the scales at only 26 to 35 ounces per pair, two pounds less than the average pair of climbing boots. And, according to Bob Culp, a mountaineer who runs a climbing school and an equipment shop in Boulder, Colo., the new shoes "practically walk out of the store on their own." One warning: Don't plan to scale K-2 in them—these shoes are more suitable for scrambling over scree, rocks or dirt trails. But they have a good climbing-boot sole with traction that, according to a veteran hiker from Boulder (near where these photographs were shot), "feels like four-wheel drive." —JULIE CAMPBELL

No, that's not the Jolly Green Giant Going Hiking at night; the shoe is Nike's 35-ounce leather, nylon and Gore-Tex boot (\$63).



Culp storms the Bastille, a cliff in Eldorado Canyon, to check out Nike's 32-ounce, leather and nylon day-hiking shoe (\$50).





Representing the flyweight division, this 28-ounce contender from Rocky Boots has a running shoe's mid-sole and wedge with a lug sole (\$80).

For the upwardly mobile woman, Rocky Boots makes the 26-ounce Scrambler, which feels like a running shoe, works like a hiker (\$80).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ENRICO FERRELLI

The pick of the peaks, this New Balance boot combines nylon, leather, a pegskin lining and Vibram soles—all in a 30-ounce package (\$80).



by William Taaffe

A question for the fans: As baseball enters its climactic month, is it time for White Sox President and pay-TV architect Eddie Einhorn to take a bow? Or should he hang down his head, now that he charges Chicago shut-ins \$21.95 a month to see TV games they previously watched for free?

Aside from Einhorn, who thinks pay TV will be the salvation of the Sox, and former Sox announcer Harry Caray, who describes Einhorn's plan as "un-American," nobody knows for sure. The only certainty is this: Einhorn has embarked on a scheme that could make the White Sox both the gold mine and powerhouse of the American League West.

First, a quick peek at Eddie's resumé.

Cheeky, flamboyant, a street hustler and proud of it. Smart enough in the early 1960s to have rounded up the TV basketball rights to all the major college conferences, to have thereby founded the TVS sports network and to have later sold the pretty little package to Dun & Bradstreet for more than \$5 million. Inventive enough as executive producer of CBS's Sports Spectacular to have lifted that show in the ratings even though it featured men racing while carrying refrigerators on their backs. As Eddie says, more honestly than arrogantly, "I'm always two years ahead of my time."

Now for some recent history about pay TV, which will land Einhorn in either the Baseball Hall of Fame or the Comiskey Park doghouse. As recently as 1980, one year before Einhorn and Chicago real estate syndicator Jerry Reinsdorf bought the club, the White Sox showed 140 of their games on conventional TV. Back then, Einhorn says, owner Bill Veeck was being paid the laughably low sum of \$2,000 per game by a local VHF station for the telecast rights. "If 600 people didn't show up at a home game because they watched it on television, he [Veeck] lost money," Einhorn says.

Enter Eddie and his pay-TV blueprint. He swallowed hard and accepted the TV deal Veeck had just negotiated for 1981: a total of 60 Sox games on WGN for the

still-deflated sum of \$360,000. But he quickly began preaching an unusual message to owners of other teams in town. The gospel according to Einhorn: "Why keep trying to sell our rights to middlemen, often at fire-sale prices? Why not form our very own 365-nights-a-year network? We'll give fans quality, not quantity. Plus the whole will be greater than the sum of the parts."

The result was the debut last May of SportsVision, an over-the-air subscription television service that currently offers 60 Sox games, 56 Bulls games, 56 Black Hawks games and 28 games of the Chicago Sting. Boxing, tennis and AL games not involving the Sox fill out the schedule which covers every night of the year. A decoding box on each subscriber's set unscrambles the picture and sound. The basic fee? A tidy \$21.95 per month, not to mention \$52.95 for installation. (No, Alfred E. Neuman doesn't appear on the cover of the White Sox yearbook saying, "Cheap!")



Tooting his own Einhorn

The White Sox co-owner says pay TV could bring in \$27 million a year

Einhorn kept some 45 Sox games on conventional TV this year, but that number will shrink to a minimum of 30 next season when SportsVision shows 112 games. Thus, viewers will be lured to pay for what they always got for free. Some folks take umbrage at this, including Caray, who switched to the Cubs this year after 10 years of broadcasting freebies for the White Sox.

"To me, it's un-American," Caray says. "Baseball is a game that belongs to the people. The White Sox were dangling some big figures in front of me, but I got to thinking, 'Where is that guy who made me what I am today, that bartender and that shut-in and that cabdriver?' I got to thinking, 'Well, these guys aren't going to be able to afford listening to me.'"

"That's Neanderthal thinking," retorts Einhorn. "Nothing is free." No one, of course, forced Einhorn to buy the Sox. And Eddie hasn't yet been heard to say

that if SportsVision strikes gold, he'll turn over half the profits to an orphanage. But he does make a logical—if not incontrovertible—point. If the White Sox don't develop another major source of revenue, the ball game's over. Gate, conventional TV and concessions won't finance a winner anymore.

"I tell 'em, 'Hey, if I didn't have to do this, if I could charge you two dollars to come to the ball park, put every game on free television, I would do it.'"

Einhorn says. "We're not unlimited rich guys. You want to see my statement? Come see it. I lost three million dollars last year. I'm projected to lose another three million dollars this year. You want [Steve] Kemp? You want me to sign Kemp? You want [Greg] Luzinski? You want a team you can be proud of here, or you want the Cubs?"

In short, Einhorn wants Chicagoans to believe he's doing them a favor by selling

them pay TV. Try this sales pitch on for chutzpah: "Compared to two years ago, a person can say they're paying for something they got for nothing. . . . But say we just stayed at the 60 White Sox games we had [on free TV] last year. Well, on SportsVision, you get 60-plus." Besides, Einhorn says, he's only copying the movie moguls. "They found out they could make money by moving the movie theater into your home and charging less than a dollar for you to see it. I'm doing the same thing. I'm taking the ball park and enlarging it."

"People say it's the wave of the future, but I don't really buy it," says Caray. "You don't think a guy's suddenly going to subscribe to this thing after the baseball season is over, do you?"

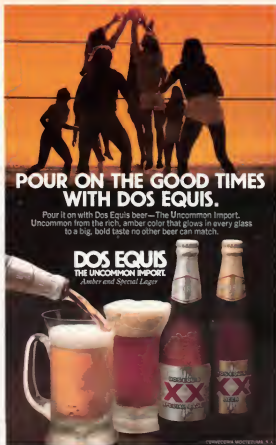
To date, Einhorn says, SportsVision has 20,000 subscribers—25,000 fewer than it needs to break even. In a town with the third-highest unemployment rate among major cities, sales have been less than phenomenal. But Eddie and his Sox do seem to be riding the crest of a big green wave. For one thing, he sells ads on his pay-TV games, milking the new technology for every baseball-loving cent. Unlike some other owners, he has resisted the quick-buck temptation of selling his rights to muddlemen. And just as the Sox seem more competitive on the field, SportsVision is about to tap the cable market, which includes a potential 2.7 million subscribers in Illinois.

Say 15% of those cable homes take the sports tier at an average of \$7.50 a month. That would bring in \$36.4 million, of which 45% of the net would go to the White Sox, who provide approximately 44% of the programming. By the late 1980s, three million more homes in Chicago proper are scheduled to receive cable. The club's annual take then would rise to \$27 million, \$6.5 million more than Einhorn and Reinsdorf paid for the entire franchise.

So how about Eddie? Hero or villain?

The guess here is that he's entitled to take his bow, if only for being the shrewdest operator in both leagues. A Master Teresa come to bring charity to the poor, he's not. But an extra \$27 million a year should buy a lot of home runs from a lot of Luzinskis.

END



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by Pat Putnam

right to Lopez' jaw that rendered him unconscious for 10 minutes. In July, Camacho deftly spun Louie Loy 180 degrees and then reached around and banged him with a right hook to the nose.

"None of that stuff is dirty," says Billy Giles, 29, Camacho's manager and trainer. "We studied the rule book. It just says you can't hit the guy in the back of the neck with a rabbit punch. It doesn't say nothing about hitting him in the face from behind. And on the break [against Loy] we took one step back. Besides, if Loy is too dumb to protect himself at all times, he ought to get knocked out." Against Sato, Camacho was as pure as a choirboy, and only once did Referee Larry Hazard have to warn him—for

Camacho (right), unbeaten as a pro and on the streets of Spanish Harlem, KO'd Sato.

While growing up, Hector Camacho, an angelic-looking resident of Spanish Harlem, had two passions: punching people and boosting cars. The former got him thrown out of seven schools; the latter earned him time in the slammer. "Now I can no longer do crazy things like steal beautiful cars," says the 20-year-old Camacho, the WBC's eighth-ranked junior lightweight. "I have a son and an aging mother who depend upon me, so I just do what I was born to do. I am a fighter."

Last Saturday in Atlantic City, Camacho made better than \$50,000 fulfilling his true destiny, on this occasion stopping Johnny Sato of the Philippines, the WBC's No. 6 contender, in the fourth round. "That's a lot of money," said Camacho. "A few years ago if I had met Sato on 115th Street, I would've done the same thing for nothing."

The bout was Camacho's 17th as a professional, his 117th if you add in his 96-4 amateur record, and like maybe his 3,000th if you include all the rumbles in the bario. He has never lost a pro fight. And if you accept his accounting, he was unbeaten in the streets, although once in a while he had to resort to a brick or a baseball bat to get the decision.

A hard-driving macho man

Hector Camacho, street fighter and car thief, has cleaned up his act

Sato, 27, a southpaw, is noted for his toughness. He entered the fight with a 37-5 record and 24 knockouts, one of them over former WBC champ Rolando Navarrete. He had been knocked down only twice and both times got up to win. He received \$30,000 to test his chin against the southpaw fury of Camacho.

Not that Camacho is one of the world's big hitters. Rather, he's the purist's blend of artistry and speed, and only occasionally reverts to some of the less refined moves he learned in the streets. He has been known to hit on the break and has a knack for spinning an opponent and then whacking him from behind. "What do you expect?" says Camacho with a saintly smile. "I'm just a gutter kid up to no good."

He showed that last March, when he had Raphael Lopez pinned against the ropes in the third round. The ref ordered them to break, and as Camacho took one step back, Lopez dropped his hands. So Camacho stepped forward and drilled a

grabbing Sato by the neck with his right while pulling him into a short left.

A counterpuncher for the first three rounds, Camacho was content to drive nails into Sato's face with snapping jabs. They are so swift, that when Camacho delivers them in rapid succession, they appear as one. He was waiting for Sato to throw something meaningful so he could counter through the opening with a hook or an uppercut. "I try to set up for the big punch," said Sato after the fight. "I first try to catch his punches, but they were coming so fast I no catch them."

As the fourth round opened, Camacho began swinging all out from both sides. For three rounds he had searched: now he was out to destroy. The game Sato began to wilt. Camacho almost cut him in half with two body shots and then jolted his head back with a right uppercut. Slowly Sato began to sag, as though someone was trying to lower him gently to the floor. Two more uppercuts followed him down, and a straight left

nailed him just as his seat hit the floor. Then he rolled over on his side.

As Hazzard counted, Soto stared up at him. Soto could hear the count and he struggled to get up. "My head said, 'Get off the floor,' but my body no work," said Soto. "That punch he hit me with, that uppercut, that was good one."

Despite a street brawl three months ago, Camacho insists he's trying to confine his fistcuffs to the ring. "I got into that last fight only because I was trying to help a friend who was on angel dust," he says. "I tried talking to him but he was dusted, so I dropped it. The next day when he'd come down, I told him what he was doing was no good. He didn't like it, so he pushed me. So I pushed him. He threw a punch, so I beat the hell out of him. Two or three guys jumped in to stop me, so I beat the hell out of them."

Born in Bayamón, Puerto Rico, Camacho was three when he came to the U.S. with his mother and older sister. They settled on 112th Street in Spanish Harlem. Later they moved to 115th. A veteran of street combat by age nine, Camacho began to borrow other people's automobiles without their permission when he was 12. "I took only the best—BMW's, Mercedes and Caddys," he says. "Once I took a beautiful Corvette. And I took good care of them. I kept them washed and polished. Those cars really made me stand out."

They also made him stand out to the police. Not too many kids on 115th Street drive BMW's. The first time Camacho got caught, the judge put him on probation for three years. The second time Camacho spent 3½ months in the can. That's when he decided to find another hobby. "I've been on the inside and on the outside," he says. "I can tell you being outside is one hell of a lot better."

Camacho started boxing at 11 and five years later won the first of three New York City Golden Gloves titles. In September 1980 he beat David Brown in his first pro fight. "We're really moving," says Giles. "One, two more fights and we'll be set to challenge for the title."

"One more fight and Billy says I'll be able to buy my own car," says Camacho. "Right, Billy?"

Giles grins and nods.

"You better not be jiving me," says Camacho with a tight smile. "Because if I don't get a car after my next fight, you know damn well I'm going to go out and..."

END

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In the final Cody hit a towering homer, allowed only two hits, struck out 12 and ...

A big day for a little man

Cody Webster pitched and hit Kirkland, Wash. to the Little League title

The kid spits like a grizzled vet. His uniform would swim on any one of about two dozen major-leaguers. At the plate his power has already been compared to that of Dave Kingman. From the mound he throws Pez, and his curveball looks as if it's falling off one of the desks at the Henry David Thoreau Elementary School, which is where he recently finished the sixth grade.

Cody Webster, 12 years old, 5' 7½", 174 pounds, with the peculiar nickname Bodus, was the hero of the 36th Little League World Series in Williamsport, Pa. last week. He pitched a two-hitter, striking out 12, and hit the longest home run in Series history as Kirkland, Wash., a bedroom suburb of Seattle, defeated the Pu-Tzu town team from Taiwan 6-0 in Saturday's six-inning championship game.

Not since 1970, the year Cody was born, had Taiwan been beaten. A team from Lakewood, N.J. did win the Series in '75, but that year the Little League got small-minded and barred foreign teams because of xenophobia—it was afraid Taiwan might never lose—although the

LL claims the foreigners were taking tournament play too seriously. Indeed, last week the Taiwanese were trying for their 13th championship in 13 years.

To the roars of "U.S.A. U.S.A." from a record crowd of 36,500, Cody struck out Huang Yao-Chung, Chuo Kun-Yuan and Chen Chin-Tung to end the game. The victory wasn't exactly the equivalent of the U.S. hockey team beating the Soviets at Lake Placid, but more than a few people drew the parallel. "It was wonderful," said Steve Stone, the former Cy Young Award winner, who was working the game for ABC. "I understood what it must have been like at the '80 Olympics. On a smaller scale, of course."

On Saturday night the crowd at the Kingdome for the Mariners-Tigers game gave Kirkland a standing ovation when the score was announced. The Mariners will honor the team in person on Sept. 6. On Sunday, a noisy crowd greeted the boys at the Seattle-Tacoma International Airport, again to cheers of "U.S.A. U.S.A.!" Then they were whisked away to Kirkland where 40,000 people—all the people of Kirkland (pop. 18,779), it

by Steve Wulf

seemed, and their brothers—saluted their champs with a parade.

After the game, the Little Leaguers from Pu-Tzu had tears in their eyes, but they refused to leave the field until they had congratulated each of the Kirkland players—not an easy task given the chaos of the celebration. They were sent a cablegram of "consolation and encouragement" by Y.S. Sun, Prime Minister of the Republic of China, which read, in part, "Although you did not win the championship, the spirit of unremitting effort you showed has gained the respect of people at home and abroad."

Taiwan newspapers attributed the loss to Kirkland's "superpitcher" and to the nervousness of Pu-Tzu, which committed costly errors early. Commentators offered the opinion that Taiwan's coaches had grown so overconfident that they no longer bothered to drill their teams hard in the fundamentals. In fact, Little League is no longer the national passion it was in Taiwan, no doubt because of the ease with which its teams have won.

Pu-Tzu still outscored its opponents 108-27 to get to Williamsport. It lost one game, 8-5 to Japan, in the Far East

... showed he could do the Toyota leap.



regional, but Korea beat Japan and Taiwan then defeated Korea 3-1. Its aura of invincibility was further tarnished when Rooyun, Quebec took a 4-2 lead into the fifth inning of their semifinal game on Thursday. Taiwan came back to win 10-7.

The Kirkland All-Stars were managed by Don Cochran and coached by Pat Downs. The two men are brothers-in-law and longshoremen for the Port of Seattle, and took two months off from their jobs to coach the 14 players. Two years ago they led a team to Williamsport, but lost to Tampa 16-0 in the semifinals. "This team has better pitching and better defense than the other one we had," says Cochran. "And we didn't have Cody then. We thought Taiwan could be beat. They were smaller and not as well-disciplined as in the past."

Kirkland won all 13 of its tournament games to earn its World Series invitation. On Tuesday, Cody struck out 14, and 5' 9" Moose Adams hit a two-run homer to beat Sarasota, Fla., 5-3. On Thursday, Moose pitched a two-hitter and Cody had an RBI double as Kirkland defeated Wyoming, Mich., 3-2 to reach the final.

Against Taiwan, the Kirkland players, who, incidentally, almost all look alike, scored first in the third inning when Mark Swain walked, went to second on a sacrifice, to third on a wild pitch and came home on a safety squeeze bunt by Shawn Cochran, the manager's son. They took a 4-0 lead in the fourth on RBI singles by Adams and Swain and the fourth Taiwanese error of the game. As each run scored, the boys gave each other low high-fives. The lowest was given by 5-foot, 85-pound Catcher Erik Jonson.

In the fifth, Cody led off with his colossal blast off Chen Chin-Tung over the fence and the bandstand in dead center-field. The ball bounced up a hill to the foot of the scoreboard, 280 feet away. Little League President Creighton J. Hale proclaimed it the longest in Series history, and on the ABC telecast Stone likened it to a Kingman shot. On a small-er scale, of course.

"I couldn't believe how good these kids were," said Stone. "I was only a sub-500 pitcher in Little League, and we were nowhere near as talented." The play that impressed Stone the most came in the bottom of the fifth when First Baseman Mark Peterson made a diving stab at a grounder, then tossed the ball lightly to Cody, who was covering first.

continued



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In the sixth, Cody struck out the side on fastballs set up by curves. For the Series, Cody the pitcher had 26 strikeouts and allowed six hits in 12 innings, and Cody the hitter had a single, two doubles, a homer and three RBIs. After the final victory, 13-year-old Outfielder Gibby Black deadpanned, "I think Cody played real crappy today."

They may talk like major-leaguers, but they still need baby-sitting. "We have to make sure they eat right and get their laundry done," says Cochran. "They've been on the road since August 13, so they've gotten pretty homesick."

Cody has three older brothers, ages 16 to 21, all of whom were Little League All-Stars and all of whom are now over six feet tall, although neither father Ron nor mother Sherrye is very big. Cody's favorite player is Tim Lincecum of the Expos. They are very nearly the same size.

It may be hard to believe that someone with a 75-mph fastball can be 12 years old. "I assure you, he is," says Sherrye Webster. "The other night when he called from Williamsport all he was worried about was how his mull Taffy was doing in the 90-degree heat."

And what could be nicer than a boy, his dog and a world championship? On a smaller scale, of course.



NL WEST "I've been waiting for this ball club to get mad," said Manager Joe Torre of the Braves (5-1). "When we lost the first-place lead [on Aug. 10], it was like somebody coming into your house and stealing your furniture and you not doing anything about it." That Atlanta finally got mad last week was evidenced by the scars of its opponents. The Phillies were beaten 4-3 when Chris Chambliss doubled across the decisive run in the ninth and then blackballed when they lost 9-7 after staking Steve Carlton to a 4-0 first-inning lead. Atlanta's comeback was built around Jerry Royster's first homer of the season, Bob Horner's 25th and Dale Murphy's 31st. The Braves blew an 8-0 lead over the Mets but won 9-8 when Rafael Ramirez homered in the eighth. Another eighth-inning blast—a two-run shot by Claudeell Washington—knocked off New York 4-3. Gene Garber's 25th save also helped Atlanta regain the lead

in the West by the slimmest of margins—one percentage point.

While the Braves displayed renewed gaudiness, the Dodgers (4-2) won most of their games handsily. In St. Louis, Bob Welch (15-9) was a 5-2 victor on a four-hitter, and Fernando Valenzuela (17-9) slammed his first major league home run while breezing 11-3. Back home, L.A. punched out Chicago 9-4 as Pedro Guerrero, who hit .550, wallowed his 27th homer and stole his 15th and 16th bases. Jerry Reuss then defeated the Cubs 7-1. Such tidy pitching has been the hallmark of the Dodgers' 21-9 surge; the staff's ERA for those 30 games has been 2.76.

Lacking such classy pitching, San Francisco (1-5) fell eight games back. What hurt most during a 4-9 road trip was the team's 7.64 ERA. But the Giants did end a six-game skid by beating the Pirates 4-2 as Greg Minton established a club mark with his 23rd save of the season.

San Diego (2-5), beset by a flurry of worry, also sputtered. Both ace Starter Tim Lollar and Reliever Luis DeLeon came down with arm troubles. Pitcher Chris Welsh strained rib-cage muscles. Outfielder Tony Gwynn fractured his left wrist and Outfielder Alan Wiggins was suspended for a month by Commissioner Bowie Kuhn for his July 21 arrest for cocaine possession.

Two shutouts by Joe Niekro and a pair of 5-4 victories over New York buoyed Houston's hopes of moving up. The Astros (4-3), who have won 13 of 20, toppled the Mets when Phil Garner doubled in the go-ahead run in the eighth. And after being blanked for 31½ innings this season by Montreal's Charlie Lea, Houston finally got to him for two runs—and Niekro made them stand up for a 2-0 triumph. That improved Niekro's record to 13-9.

Even the last-place Reds (3-3) were encouraged. Ron Oester and Cesar Cedeño batted .526 and .364, respectively, and there were three noteworthy pitching performances. Mario Soto, who in his previous outing had been so rattled by the needling of Phillies Third Base Coach Dave Bristol that he was knocked out early, last week tuned out the taunts and turned off Philly 8-1. Best of all was the 1-0 defeat of Montreal behind the combined work of two pitchers named Shuley and Lesley—Bob, who went eight innings, and Brad, who finished up for him. Shirley's ERA for his last eight starts is 2.25. Lesley, a 6' 6", 220-pound, 23-year-old rookie who's called The Animal, extended his scoreless-inning streak to 15. Lesley has quickly become a favorite among Cincinnati rooters because of his antics. While on the mound he pounds his glove, vigorously signals strikes and stomps around as if he intends to charge hitters like an angry bull.

NL EAST In a week crammed with unexpected events, St. Louis ionized a third-string catcher, the Phillies got heavy hitting from a lightweight and the Pirates won with head-down running from a pitcher. Now to explain. The player honored by the first-place Cardinals (3-3) was Glenn Brummer, who on Aug. 22 stole home on his own with two out in the 12th to beat San Francisco 5-4. Last week Brummer received a home plate signed by all the Cardinals, as well as a singing telegram. Three saves by Bruce Sutter gave him a total of 29 so far this season and left him with an 0.89 ERA since the All-Star break.

Ivan DeJesus of Philadelphia (3-3), who heretofore had one homer, 41 RBIs and a 2.24 average, batted .429 with two homers and eight RBIs. Although the Phillies had 22 hits (five by Gary Maddox), they had to struggle to beat the Braves 11-9. Gary Matthews, who hit .417, slugged a three-run homer to tie the game 9-9 in the eighth and drove in the go-ahead run in the 10th. Mike Krukow's 7-1 defeat of Cincinnati pared his ERA to 2.68. Steve Carlton defeated Cincinnati 3-1 for his 17th victory.

When Willie Stargell of Pittsburgh (5-2) walked to open the ninth in a 6-6 game with San Diego, Pitcher John Candelaria went in to run for him. But when Johnny Ray singled, Candelaria missed second, fell and had to dive back to the bag. So Manager Chuck Tanner lifted Candy for another pinch runner, Pitcher Enrique Romo, who moments later scored the decisive run by sliding home head-first after a single by Jim Morrison. The Bucs also beat the Padres 6-5 as Bill Madlock homered with two out in the ninth and Tony ("I'm a better bad-ball hitter") Pena waited for an off-the-plate delivery and hit a game-winning single in the 11th inning.

The Expos (4-3), after going 110 games without being shut out, were blanked twice. First, Steve Rogers, who had won 11 in a row on the road, lost 1-0 in Cincinnati. Then Montreal lost 2-0 to Houston. Another reliable pitcher, Bill Gullickson, was pounded by the Reds 6-2. But Wodehouse Fryman continued his mastery over Houston. By retiring all four batters he faced, Fryman chalked up a save and lengthened his scoreless streak against the Astros to 45 innings—and four years.

The Cubs (4-2), whose 18-9 record for August is the best by any team in the East, pulled six games in front of last-place New York. Bill Buckner hit .462 and led Chicago to a three-game sweep of San Francisco by going 8 for 12 with seven RBIs. Despite out-hitting the Braves 12-5, the Mets (0-6) lost 4-3. That was the fourth one-run defeat of the week for New York, which has suffered nine such losses during a 12-game losing streak.

ATL 72-67 LA 73-58 SD 67-64
SF 65-66 HOU 51-50 CIN 50-80

STL 74-55 PHIL 72-67 MONT 68-61
PIT 66-61 CHIC 74 NY 50-72

continued

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AL WEST After John Wathan of the Royals (6-1) stole his 31st base of the season, a major league record for a catcher, a member of the grounds crew tried to remove the bug and give it to him as a keepsake. No matter how much the youngster pulled and kicked, however, the bug wouldn't budge. Umpire Bill Haller then unleashed a fusillade of furious, rapid-fire kicks. At long last, Haller succeeded and the game proceeded. It also took some doing by K.C. to uproot California from first place, marking the 11th time the teams have swapped the lead since May 29. The Royals did it with .333 hitting while their pitchers held opponents to a .236 average. Saves on three successive nights raised Dan Quisenberry's total to 30. George Brett, back after missing 12 days with a sore wrist, went 12 for 21. And for the fifth time in eight such instances this season, Amos Otis got a hit after the man ahead of him was intentionally walked—an eighth-inning single that helped beat Texas 5-3.

If the Angels (3-4) narrowly miss finishing first, they may be able to attribute their downfall to one of the more novel injuries of our time. It seems Reliever Dave Goltz had to go on the disabled list after gashing his right index finger on a clubhouse toilet-paper holder in Boston. Doug Corbett, summoned from the minors to replace Goltz, had his luggage lost en route to Boston and after he got to his hotel was sent to three rooms before finding an empty one. Then, after an hour's sleep, he was mistakenly awakened by the hotel operator. That night Corbett faced Dwight Evans of the Red Sox in the ninth with the tying run at third and two out. Evans lofted the ball to short right, where three Angels played Alphonse, Gideon and Gintaras as they hesitantly converged on the ball. At the last instant, rightfielder Bobby Clark made a diving catch to preserve a 7-6 win.

Sparky Lyle and Jim Kern, who teamed up for 42 saves and 18 wins for Texas in 1979, were reunited in Chicago (11-5). Lyle, purchased from Philadelphia, quickly got a save, but Kern, acquired from Cincinnati for two players yet to be named, was hit hard in his first two outings.

Three pitchers were hardly hit—Mutt Keough of the A's (2-4), and two young Twins, Jack D'Conor, 24, and Frank Viola, 22. Keough muffled Detroit 3-0 on six hits. Minnesota (4-2) moved to within 3½ games of sixth-place Texas as O'Connor white-washed Cleveland 10-0 and Viola beat New York 5-0.

The Rangers (2-6), who have indulged in assorted forms of Chiles' play (owner Eddie, that is) all season, got some big league pitching from big (6' 8") Mike Smithson, 27, who once played basketball at Tennessee. In his first major league appearance, Smithson went the distance and showed lots of pop on his crackling fastball, which was clocked at more

BALL PARK FIGURES

Players who have hit 30 or more home runs in a season with the poorest batting averages are:

	HR	BA
1. Dave Kingman, Mets	'82 31	.199*
2. Dave Kingman, Mets	'75 36	.231
3. Dave Kingman, Mets	'76 37	.238
4. Rocky Colavito, Clev	'66 30	.238
5. Gorman Thomas, Mil	'80 38	.239
6. Ron Cey, LA	'77 30	.241
7. Harmon Killebrew, Wash	'59 42	.242
8. Harmon Killebrew, Minn	'62 48	.243
9. Norm Cash, Det	'62 39	.243
10. Gorman Thomas, Mil	'79 45	.244
10. Ralph Kiner, Pitt	'52 37	.244

*through Aug. 29

than 90 mph, but lost a 3-1 decision to the Orioles.

Another pitcher who had something on his pitches—or so umpire Dave Phillips felt—was Gaylord Perry of Seattle (2-4). Perry's troubles began, oddly enough, when a Bible verse popped into the mind of Boston's Red Nichols: "No weapon formed against you shall prosper." When Nichols batted in the fifth, he asked Phillips to check the ball thrown by Perry, who has been accused of prospering for years with the aid of a greaseball. Phillips, who later claimed he saw a greased spot on the ball, issued a warning to Perry. Two innings later, after Perry threw a pitch to Rick Miller that dropped precipitously, Phillips didn't even glance at the ball, he simply ejected Perry. "It was a classic example of an illegal pitch," Phillips explained. League President Lee MacPhail levied a 10-day suspension and \$250 fine against Perry, who forestalled the penalties by promptly appealing the ruling.

KC 76-54 CAL 74-56 CHI 66-62 SEA 61-68
OAK 58-73 TEX 50-78 MINN 47-82

AL EAST Big innings may well have launched Baltimore's perennial late-season surge. Joe Nolan got the Orioles (6-1) started with a grand slam in the last of the 10th that joined the Blue Jays 7-3 and made a winner of Dennis Martinez, who yielded only four hits. A six-run seventh and an eight-run third then defeated Toronto 8-3 and 12-5, respectively. In the latter game, Eddie Murray homered from each side of the plate for the fifth time in his career. In all, Murray had four homers and drove across 10 runs. After Jim Palmer won for his ninth straight by beating the Rangers 3-1, Martinez came back to stop Texas 8-3.

For Boston (5-2), it was Reliever Mark Clear who won twice. Red Nichols' homer sank the Mariners 4-3 for Clear, and then

Clear beat the Angels 7-6 when Carney Linaford singled in the 10th, stole second and third and scored on a bases-loaded, two-out bunt by Gary Allenson. Like Clear, Tom Burgmeier was staked to a 5-4 victory over Seattle by Nichols, who slammed two home runs and, for the second day in a row, guined down a runner in the plate from leftfield. Burgmeier, who pitched 4½ innings of shut-out relief in that contest, improved his season's record to 7-0. Another rainless relief effort by Bob Stanley—4½ innings—took care of California 4-3.

Graig Nettles had three homers as the Yankees (4-3) turned on the power for a change, clearing the fences 10 times during their four wins—two over Toronto, two over Minnesota. On Sunday, Tommy John, backed by three round-trippers, coasted to an 8-2 triumph over the Blue Jays Toronto (2-5), meanwhile, got the job done with singles. Willie Upshaw twice drove in the winning run for the Jays against the Yanks. After breaking a

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JOE NIEKRO: The Houston righthander lowered his ERA to 2.47 (sixth best in the National League) as he shut out both New York and Montreal 2-0 on a total of only 10 base hits, nine of them singles.

3-3 he with a two-run single in the fifth and starting Toronto on its way to a 10-3 romp one day. Upshaw bloomed a single in the 11th to beat New York 3-2 the next.

Gorman Thomas, who leads the majors in home runs with 34 and is fifth with 94 RBIs, hit two homers and drove in six runs as first-place Milwaukee (4-2) drubbed Oakland 10-3. Three more homers by the hard-hitting Brewers enabled Pete Vuckovich (15-4) to stop the Angels 7-3.

Glen Wilson's 400 hitting and a 5-1 win over Oakland by Dan Pity (14-7) were all that could comfort Detroit (3-3). Not even an apology to his teammates could erase the words of Jack Morris, who had implied that the Tigers were a bunch of quitters. Tough to swallow, too, were both the three-homer that Jerry Ujda lost to the A's 3-0 and the wild pitch by Dave Tobik in the last of the ninth inning that gave the Mariners a 4-3 come-from-behind victory.

Len Barker of Cleveland (2-4) also lost despite tossing a three-hitter, Four walks in one inning led to his 5-1 loss to Chicago. Reliever Dan Spillner won for the 16th time, thanks to an eighth-inning double by Van Hance that knocked off the White Sox 5-4. May 4 the Tribe has been 31-10 in games in which Spillner, who has a 2.52 ERA and 16 saves, has appeared.

MIL 76-62 BOS 71-58 BAL 70-58 DET 65-63
NY 65-63 CLE 61-64 TOR 61-70





NO GUTS, NO GLORY

Bull riding is the roughest, toughest rodeo event. Ask Don Gay, who's going for a record eighth title

BY E.M. SWIFT

CONTINUED



DON GAY continued

THE SCHOOL

The short, well-built cowboy with the Howdy Doody smile is doing the talking, words pouring out like milk from an overturned pail. Don Gay, 28, could have been a teacher, a preacher or a salesman had he not become the bull rider who has won seven world championships in the past eight years, and the image of the cowboy as a taciturn loner is only one of many stereotypes he destroys. He is

A highlight: Gay stays on top of an eliminator to win a ride-off for the title at the 1977 National Finals in Oklahoma City.



teaching now at his two-day bull-riding school in Mesquite, Texas, his hometown, and 20 students shyly edge closer so as not to miss a word.

"Jim Shoulders used to say that all there is to bull riding is to put one leg on each side of the bull and make an ugly face for eight seconds," Gay tells them. "It's no more complicated than that. All you want to think about is squeeze and pull, squeeze and pull. Squeeze with your legs and pull on that rope."

Some of the words that follow are lost in the racket of the bulls, waiting, angry, in their chutes. The bulls suspended from the bull ropes around their garths clang ominously. One bull kicks the wooden gate behind it with awful power; another slams its horns against the iron pipes of the chute as it tries to turn around. These are, primarily, young bulls, unaccustomed to being run in and out of the bucking chutes, and their nervousness is contagious.

It's shared by many of the young cowboys, who've never been on a full-grown bull before; their faces are taut with a combination of fear and transparent bravado. One face, only 17 years old, is freckled; one is hard; one is pockmarked; one is not taut, but jowly and loose with nothing but fear. The cowboys have come from as far away as Florida, Alabama and Tennessee. Some are high school champions, some are just starting out and have been told by their parents that if they're going to be so god-awful stupid as to ride bulls, they're damn well going to learn how to ride from the very best; at least one is here because he's not making any money rodeoing back home, and if there is one man who can teach him how to make some money riding bulls, it's Donnie Gay.

Gay climbs into one of the chutes and gently kneels on a black bull's back, supporting himself with a hand on either side. "Let him know you're coming first, then raise your butt up and ease yourself on him," he says. "They're real nervous. They're as scared as you are. If you accidentally spur him inside the chute, he'll jump and kick inside." For a moment the group hopes that Gay will go ahead and ride this one, but Gay, who rides more than 200 bulls a year at rodeos, makes it a rule not to put on any exhibitions, not even for his own school.



A lowlight: A hard shot to the collarbone from Charlie Brown's horn sends Gay off in pain.

Gay hosts himself out of the chute and selects a student with some riding experience to go first. This rider, the one with the hard face, gets on a black bull as Gay has shown him, sitting far back toward the rump so that he has room to work with his rigging. He heats up the rosin on the bull rope by running his hand up and down the braided hemp, then lays his left hand against the bull's broad back, palm up. He's wearing a leather glove tied at the wrist with a thong, the palm caked with rosin, and the bull rope is tightened around his hand by one of the cowboys standing above the chute. When the rope is nearly as tight as the rider can bear, he makes a fist around the wrap, tucking his fingertips into the fist with his free hand, and pounds the fist closed.

"After you get your wrap, hold on to that chute gate with your free hand; that's your escape," Gay tells him. The cowboy doesn't need to be told. Escape is very much on everyone's mind, including



the bull's; the animal is furiously slamming its weight against the side of the chute. His breathing sounds like a working bellows.

Everything is set, and the cowboy moves up over the bull so he's nearly sitting on his hand. He pulls his hat down. "O.K.!" he yells. The bull, startled by the

continued



DON GAY continued

sound of the cowboy's voice, looks back. As a result, when the gate on one side of the bull swings open, the bull sort of backs out, nearly scraping the rider off against the gatepost. The cowboy stays with it until Gay yells at him to bail out, which he does properly by jumping off "into" his hand—to the left for a rider holding the rope with his left hand. This prevents the hand from getting hung up in the bull rope—the greatest fear for a

a bull that has come to a halt; he'll turn around and gore you before you hit the ground. If you do hang up in the bull rope, stay on your feet and as close to the bull as you can get; if you try to pull away, the bull will jerk you off your feet and try to trample you.

The second rider is bucked onto his back and lies in the center of the arena with the wind knocked out of him. "Get up!" Gay shouts. "Get the hell out of there!" The young man is on his feet in an instant and sprinting, which merely fuels Gay's rage. "If you lie there going, 'Oh, oh, that hurt,' the bull's going to turn around and tap-dance on your chest, 1,500 pounds of him, and that might hurt

a little bit more! I don't care if you don't have one ounce of air in you, you get up and hit the nearest gate. I don't want any theatrics out there. Of course, if you really want to get hurt, that's fine. It'll be a good lesson to the rest of these fellas what not to do."

A third cowboy, the jowly one, gets on his first bull. He isn't thinking about "squeeze and pull." Most likely he's wondering what he'll do with his life now that he's decided not to become a bull rider. Two jumps into his ride he half leaps, half falls from his bull and sprawls in the dirt, then scrambles on all fours out of the arena, nearly diving over the fence. "You oughta try hurryin'," Gay calls after him with a smile. "I got you spotted, buddy. There's a fine line between being in trouble and chickenin' out, pardner."

The next cowboy up is the freckled one, all the way down in chute No. 6. He's on a big red bull that has an unassuming five inches of dried blood on its right horn. As the 17-year-old takes his wrap, the bull humps up in the chute, trying to clamber over the iron pipes. Ricky Bolin, another professional bull rider, who's helping Gay with the school, has hold of the freckled cowboy's arm as the bull thrashes from side to side. The boy looks up to Bolin for a sign to evacuate.

"Cowboy up," Bolin tells him, the rodeo version of "hunker down." The bull stands still for an instant, and the freckled cowboy moves up over his bull rope, tucks his chin in, and nods. His eyes full of



Shoulders leads and Gay rides Bullford-T-Line, who's as placid as a mechanical bull at Gay's school—with the switch off.

bull rider, because unlike a bucking horse, a bull will attack a man if given a chance. The cowboy returns to the group, hoping for praise, but Gay merely tells him, "Don't say 'O.K.' in there. Just nod when you're ready to ride."

Much of what Gay tells the students this first morning is concerned with safety, tricks to stay out of trouble and tricks to escape when, inevitably, you have to. That in itself is worth 10 times the \$200 the students have paid to be here. For example: Never jump off





The prize saddles in Gay's trophy room aren't for sitting, so Terri, Don and Rosal take to the floor.

fear. The chute opens and the bull turns out, exploding four, five feet high, twisting toward the fence. The young man has a chance to bail out there, but he stays with the bull as it turns back, until Gay yells for him to jump off. He falls as he hits the ground, and the bull turns and charges. The boy gets to his feet and makes it to the fence a stride ahead of the bull. He tries to vault the fence, but the bull's head butts his foot on the way up. It's the same leg he'd broken last summer bull riding, but this time he's only bruised. He limps back to the chutes.

"That kid's got a little pride," Bolin says to no one in particular. It's as great a compliment as any of these students can hope for.

By the morning of Day Two, six of the 20 students have gone home. The rest are stiff and sore. Nearly everyone's limping. Asked why they chose bull riding, nearly all of them say because of the thrill, the element of danger, but some say, naively, it's because of the money. With only a high school education, where else can you earn as much as \$1,700 for eight seconds of work? One says it's because horses scare him. Gay will tell you that most of them start bull riding because they figure it's a good way to pick up girls. "And they're right," he adds. But there are no girls or prize money waiting for them at Mesquite, and on the second day enthusiasm for bull riding has noticeably ebbed. This is practice like no other in sport because of one thing: the bull. He isn't practicing. The only way to learn to ride bulls

is to get on as many as you can, and each time, it hurts.

Gay has told the students that they can ride as many bulls as they want today. "I can lead them a lot longer than you'll want to keep riding them," he promises. The first two riders bail out early, and Don's father, Neal Gay, figures that he's seen enough. A former steer wrestler and saddle-bronc rider, Neal rides in front of the chutes and calls for everyone's atten-

tion. He owns the stock they're riding, and as the producer of 26 weekly two-day Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association events at the Mesquite Championship Rodeo Fairgrounds, where the school is being held. He doesn't feel his bulls need the exercise. "About 50 percent of bull riding is try," Neal tells the students gruffly. "And I'm not seeing much try out here today. Either get your motor running before you get on one of them things, or you don't get on. This here's an ex-vent."

By early afternoon, only four or five students still have their motors running. The most bulls any of them has been on is five, and by three o'clock the last bull is turned out, unclaimed. School's over.

"When I was 14 I rode 36 bulls for my dad in 2½ hours," Gay says. "I rode them all but one, and he was Bull of the Year in 1968. A shipment of stock would come in, and my brother and I would get on them so Dad could find out if they were any good before putting them into his rodeos. That's how you learn to ride. Out of the 20 students here, maybe one, two will break into the professional ranks in the next five years. But a lot of them find out here what they don't want to do, and that's good, too."

continued



Gay gingerly puts his backyard bull, Joe Kool, an ornery critter more tolerant of humans than bulls.



DON GAY continued

The oldest of the students, 25-year-old Danny Young, comes into the office to thank Gay and say goodbye. Gay gives him an autographed poster and wishes him luck. Young will drive all night with a friend, back to Nashville, where they are entered in the bull riding the next day. Young seldom makes expenses, but he talks about one day being the All-Around Cowboy Champion. "It's the thrill of it, I guess," he says. "I've been hurt and knocked around, had a collapsed lung, but it only makes me want to do it that much more."

A folk singer named Bill Staines wrote a song about it:

*Headed down the road last
summer
With a few old friends of mine,
They all had the money, Lord, I
didn't make a dime.
The entrance fees they took my
dough,
The travelin' took my time,
Now I'm headed home. . . .*

*The rounders they all wish you luck
when they know you're in a jam,*

*Gay and pilot Daugherty fly Don's plane from a
toning ride in Dallas to a winner in Gladewater.*

*But your money's ridin' on the bull,
and he don't give a damn. . . ."*

THE PROTÉGÉ

Don Gay remembers well when he first headed down the road with a few friends. It was the day he graduated from high school in Mesquite, in 1972. "I stepped off that graduation stage on a Saturday night and gave my mother a kiss and the diploma, and me and six other guys got in a station wagon and drove all night to a rodeo in Illinois. I had \$400 in my pocket. Next day I won two events and \$422.50, and that night I bought the other six guys steaks at the local cafeteria and called my father on the phone and told him not to worry about me, that I'd see him in Oklahoma City in December for the National Finals. And that's what I

did. Proudest thing of my life is never having to borrow a nickel from my daddy. He told me, 'Don't you call if you're broke. If you're hurt or in trouble, I'll come. But you go broke, you get yourself a job!'

"It was a month and a half before I placed again. But there are lots of ways to make money around a rodeo. You get 10 dollars for untying the calves and working the gates during the rodeo, 10 dollars for being on the feed crew. A man could make anywhere from 10 to 50 dollars a night, and if a cowboy didn't show up to claim his draw, I'd ride his stock for him. That was a lot of money for an 18-year-old kid, enough so I could afford my own hotel room. And when I did win something—800, 900 dollars—that money was just burning a hole in my pocket. Ev-



* FROM "JUST THAT ONE TIME MORE" WITH A LEGACY RECORDING, SHOWN, CONG.

ery night was Saturday night as far as I was concerned. It was the most fun I've had in my life."

He won \$14,637 that first year, which put him eighth in the bull-riding standings, a grand start for a rookie who had made it to only 92 rodeos. Gay had wanted to be a professional bull rider since he was five years old, the year he rode his first calf. His hero was Shoulders, the Babe Ruth of rodeo and a family friend, who used to baby-sit for Don occasionally when he stopped by Mesquite going to or coming from his ranch in Heneyita, Okla. Shoulders was one of Neal Gay's

continued

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DON GAY continued

original partners when Neal started the Mesquite Championship Rodeo in 1959, and it was to Shoulders' bull-riding school in Henryetta that Don went when he was 13, 14 and 15. "There was nothing technical in his instructions," Gay recalls. "Jim'd say, 'Stick your hand in there, hold on with your legs, pull up with your arm and try, goddammit.' He used to advertise his school: 'No films. No machines. Lots of stock.' I started out just like these students of mine did, and in that very same arena."

As a youth, Gay kept a picture on his wall of a ride Shoulders made in Burwell, Neb. The bull, a coal-black animal with its eyes rolled back, is in midair, nose

held high. Shoulders has both legs extended straight out, chaps flying, toes pointed up, and he has been spurring the bull with all the leverage he can muster. At first glance he appears to be grimacing, but a closer look reveals it to be more of a scowl, an expression of disdain and utter mastery of the furious animal beneath him. It's a remarkable photograph. "To me," says Gay, "watching that picture when I was growing up was like that scene in *Rocky III* when Rocky stands in front of that guy and says, 'Go for it.' It used to give me chills and make me want to go right out and get on a bull. It still does."

Shoulders won 16 PRCA world championships altogether—five All-Around titles, four bareback titles and another seven in the bull riding. The bull-riding record is the one that Gay would like to break this year, and Shoulders wishes his protégé well. "Records wouldn't mean nothing if they were impossible to break," Shoulders says. "And Don Gay's just like one of my kids, as far as that goes. He was always an outgoing boy, never did meet a stranger that I knew of. Most guys today are in rodeo for the money—it's a sign of the times. But Don Gay's one of the few guys left who really likes to ride bulls. Always did like to ride. Always wanted to learn."

Gay won his first world championship in 1974, his third year on the circuit, after losing out the year before on his very last bull. He and Bobby Steiner were in a virtual tie in the 1973 National Finals at Oklahoma City after nine bulls, when Gay drew that year's Bull of the Year, Mr. Bubble, for his final ride. For six seconds the bull spun to the left, "then he cut back to the right and slam-dunked me," Gay recalls. "I thought I'd choked under pressure until I had a chance to ride that bull again the next year in Fort Madison, Iowa. So I chartered a plane just to have another crack at him, and that time he Hula-Hooped me in about two seconds. But getting so close in 1973 made me tougher mentally than anything else that has ever happened to me."

In 1974 Gay broke Shoulders' record of \$28,700 earned in a single year of bull riding, which, astonishingly, had stood since 1954. Gay's total was \$32,917, a record he has broken every year since, culminating with his \$63,908 for 1981.



Sampson's the man to beat for the world title.

Usually, world championships are determined by the total earnings for a single year, but between 1976 and 1978 the PRCA awarded the titles to competitors who won at the National Finals. The top 15 money-winners in each event qualified for the tournament, and then everyone started from zero; in bull riding that amounted to a 10-bull ride-off for the championship. Gay continued to dominate the field under the new format, winning in both '76 and '77, but in 1978 he lost his crown when he finished second to Butch Kirby at Oklahoma City, despite setting another earnings record of \$48,275. The PRCA reverted to the old system in 1979, and Gay has won the bull-riding title for the last three years—in 1980 by a scant \$188 when he had to turn out his last four bulls in the National Finals after breaking several ribs and tearing the surrounding cartilage.

"I'd have won eight championships by now if they hadn't changed to that sudden-death format those three years," Gay says. "But no sense crying over spilled milk. It only cost me one championship, and it cost Joe Alexander [a bareback rider] three. I figure I'll just go out and win another one, since I still like to ride bulls. I'm tied with my hero, and I've



Neal Gay keeps a sharp eye on his Dallas rodeo.

gone too far to buck out now. I've told everyone I'm going to win eight, and I don't care what it costs me."

Gay has never been a shrinking violet when it comes to making predictions or blowing his own horn. Now that he's 28 and a seven-time champion, people are used to it, but in his early years—well, let's just say that, historically, cowboys have always leaned toward understatement. The damndest, rankest bull that ever walked into a rodeo arena might be described by one cowboy to another as "a pretty fair money-bull." But not by Gay. "I always liked Muhammad Ali," he says. "Instead of waiting for everybody to tell him how tough he was, he told them. I'm more or less the same way. It's all right to talk like that if you can back it up, but a lot of people have said, 'That little loudmouth, who's he think he is?' I've been called the John McEnroe of rodeo a time or two."

Gay has a film of himself on a bull called Red One on which he scored 95 out of a possible 100 points, the most awarded any ride in the 1976 National Finals. It's a spectacular performance, the bull spinning and twisting and bucking under him with incredible speed. "I don't know how I stayed on him," Gay says as he watches the movie. "Of course, I'm probably prejudiced, but I'd say that ride there is the greatest bull ride that's ever been made."

So much for the old days when men were men and bulls could buck. Gay says that the '76 National Finals ride on Red One was a far better ride, for instance, than the one that he later made on the famed bull Oscar, in San Francisco's Cow Palace in 1977, in which he scored 97 points. On that occasion, Gay took off his hat and fanned Oscar after the eighth-second whistle (signifying an official ride) had blown, to the utter delight of the Cow Palace audience. *Back, you Oscar! This here's fun!* It was a page right out of Ali's book—Ali, standing over a stricken Sonny Liston, screaming at Liston to get up and fight, get up so Ali could show the folks how great he really was. *Back, you bull!*

"Rodeo has always had one envoy at a time," Gay says. "First it was Shoulders, then it was Larry Mahan. About the time Mahan was getting ready to retire, I won my first title. 1974. Since I'm pretty

much a hot dog, I started to gather some ink. By the time I'd won my fifth title—well, I'm pretty much it, as far as envoys go." Now when Merv Griffin and Dick Cavett want to talk with a rodeo cowboy, Gay's their man.

"I learned how to ride under Shoulders," Gay says, "but I learned how to go out of my way to talk to people and the press under Larry Mahan. That Mahan was an animal, a physical and mental animal. He could ride an All-American bronc, then a bareback, and then he'd get on a bull. I'm not that tough. And anyway, the days of guys like Shoulders and Mahan being able to win consistently in three events are pretty much over. I traveled with Mahan a lot my first year; he kinda took me under his wing. Before him it was considered non-macho to talk to the press, probably because Shoulders never did. The feeling was, 'This is interrupting my drinking time, just one more thing I don't get paid for.' That's all changed. Now you get guys like Bobby DelVecchio, a bull rider who grew up in the Bronx, blowing kisses to the crowd. That's how rodeo's different now. The events haven't changed."

Actually, even Shoulders has come around. The legend who never gave the press the time of day now grants interviews and makes promotional appearances on behalf of Lite beer from Miller in small towns throughout the country. He travels with his pet Brahma bull, Buford-T-Lite, which he leads into cowtown bars to liven up the evenings. Gay, ever the Shoulders protégé, is sponsored by Miller High Life, and there is a shade of irony here, because alcohol wasn't allowed in the Gay house when Don was growing up. It wasn't that Neal Gay didn't enjoy drinking beer, he was simply keeping his end of a deal. After a rodeo, years ago, an off-duty policeman shot Neal in the belly with a .45 during a bar fight. Neal had to walk up four flights of stairs to wake a doctor. He was told he wasn't going to live. "My dad asked the Man Upstairs to get him out of that one, and he'd take care of the rest of it." Don Gay says. "Hasn't touched a drop since."

continued

A bull-riding primer: Lay the bull rope across the palm of a rosined glove; wrap the rope around your hand and press the fist closed; buckle up to the rigging and straighten your back; hang on.





DON GAY *continued*

THE DRAW

Luck plays a part in all sports and lives, but it's as elemental in bull riding as the dirt in the arena. Two judges score the event, and both the cowboy and the bull are graded: zero to 25 points for the cowboy; zero to 25 for the bull. No rider has a chance to win on a bull that bucks poorly, not even a Don Gay. Every time, he has a partner. "Chicken one day, feathers the next," is the way Gay puts it.

"I'll enter 250 to 300 rodeos this year," says Gay. "and compete in maybe two-thirds of them. That's about \$20,000 in entry fees just chucked out the window, but it's what you have to do to win a world championship." If Gay draws a

money bull, one he can win on, he will fly up to 2,000 miles for one eight-second ride. If he gets a bad draw, he'll go elsewhere, or will take the day off, sacrificing his entry fee. Gay knows most of the bulls by name, and the ones he doesn't he can check out with a phone call. Over the course of a year, he figures, the good and bad draws even out. "What goes around, comes around," he says. "You just have to be ready."

On this day in June of this year, Gay has drawn two money bulls—one in a 4 p.m. rodeo in Dallas, another in a rodeo in Gladewater, Texas, 115 miles away, that starts at 7:30. His father is the producer of the rodeo in Dallas, which is being put on for some 6,000 conventioners of the Rotary International, and Gay's wife, Terri, has been up since 6:30 a.m. to help time "the slack." The slack is another example of the luck of the draw: If too many competitors enter an event, the

overflow is put in the slack, the competition held in the morning before the paying customers arrive. That prevents rodeo fans from having to sit through, say, four straight hours of barrel racing. Who competes in the slack and who competes in the actual performance is determined by the draw. It's possible to win an event from the slack, but stock contractors generally hold back their best bucking stock for the paying customers. Being the reigning world champion gives Don Gay no more rights than the other 8,500 card-carrying members of the PRCA. It's roughly the equivalent of giving club pros and journeymen the same rights on the golf tour as a Jack Nicklaus, and Gay estimates that in the first 60 rodeos in which he's participated this year he has drawn the slack 40 times.

The system is fair to the riders in that it inconveniences all of them equally, but it's a little unfair to the spectators, who

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might come to see Donnie Gay compete, only to discover he has ridden that morning in the slack. Of these 8,500 PRCA members—probably the largest group of professional athletes anywhere—Gay estimates that only 300 rodeo for a living full time. Those 300 would like to see rodeo run more like the pro golf tour: exemptions for the top money-winners, qualifying for the others; one major rodeo a week with big money at stake, instead of 643 PRCA-sanctioned rodeos a year; a commissioner; a television contract; and prize money more nearly equivalent to what other sports stars bring home. "I've made more money net in 15 minutes doing a television commercial than I did rodeoing a whole year," says Gay. "The problem is, if you put it to a vote, 3,700 guys are going to say to keep it the way it is, and 300 are going to vote to change it. The only way it'll change is if somebody organized the real true professionals into their own tour, and nobody wants to be the bad guy if that fails. Rodeo has held together for as long as it has because it's such a good product—man versus animal, which is about as basic as you can get—and it's been run by a bunch of cowboys with nothing more than common sense. They've done a good job. But the only truly professional rodeo we have each year is the National Finals in Oklahoma City."

Last year Gay put on a two-day rodeo of his own (non-PRCA-sanctioned), which was called Don Gay's Bronc and Bull Classic. It was held in the Reunion Arena in Dallas, and the top 20 money-winners from the previous year's saddle-bronc and bull-riding standings were invited to compete for \$35,000 per event in prize money. As far as the riding went, the event was a success for Gay—he won the bull riding—but the promoters lost about \$200,000 when attendance averaged only 5,000 in the 19,000-seat arena. Still, Gay is convinced a similar concept could work in the future, especially if television got behind it. "We made some mistakes with that first one," he says, "but now I know how to do it. Once I win that eighth world championship, I'm going to sit down and think long and hard about retiring. And once I do, I want to get into rodeo production. I'm excited about it, but I want to be damn sure I'm through riding first."

THE BULLS

It's 20 miles from Mesquite to Dallas, and Gay leaves his house an hour before the rodeo is to begin. One of his father's best bulls, Joe Kool, part Brahma, part Charolais, is in the backyard. Joe Kool once killed another bull in a pasture and is considered too ornery to be around others of his kind. Yet he is so gentle with people that Terri Gay can feed him by hand. Gentle, that is, away from the chutes. In nine tries Don Gay has ridden Joe Kool once.

"Bull riding is a reaction event," Gay says. "I try to watch the bull's head to find out where he's going. You pick a spot, maybe right behind his horns, and fix your eyes on that. Or if he really throws his head around, maybe you watch the hump, like in football they say for a defensive back to watch the receiver's belly. The one thing you can't let the bull do is throw your head back, because you get verigo. You tuck your chin in and pick a spot."

"There are four types of bulls. Spinners are the ones you want to draw, your basic money bulls. Then there are the ones that buck hard but just go straight ahead; you have to ask the clowns to turn them back for you, and that's where a good clown can win you some money. Eliminators are the toughest to ride. They don't show very well, but they'll somehow or other get you on the ground. The fourth kind are canners, the ones that should be sent to Wendy's."

"I love the bulls. They've been part of my life for my whole life, and they're a part of my financial lifeblood, too. We relate to one another. When I'm talking to someone who thinks that rodeo's cruel, it floors me. I'm not physically capable of abusing a bull unless I use a .44 Magnum. They're incredibly tough animals. You could hit one with a lead pipe and it wouldn't feel it."

"One time I was talking to a lady from the Humane Society. She thought we were electrocuting the bulls with those cattle prods. I told her they were just a

means to get them to move through the gates, because you could hit a bull with a board and it wouldn't budge. She didn't believe me, so I took a cattle prod and prodded my hand with it. I really bore down and barely flinched, even though it hurt like hell. 'There, see?' I says.



A poorly placed boar informs the bull a rider's getting on.

"You didn't do anything," the lady says. "There's no batteries in that thing." Well, I didn't know what to do then, so I asked the lady to give me her hand. I prodded her with that cattle prod, and she jumped about a foot. I says to her, 'See? Now if there'd been a gate in here, you'd have gone out it, wouldn't you?'"

Gay arrives at the arena in Dallas in time for the grand entry. He's introduced to the cheering Rotarians beforehand—they are of all nationalities and have been given red hats and bandannas for the occasion—and he rides out to take a bow, still wearing his Adidas running shoes. Away from the arena, Gay also prefers wearing knit golf shirts to the Western-style cowboy shirts, and, heresy of heresies, likes rock-'n'-roll better than country and western. Gay once sang Chuck Berry's *Reelin' and Rockin'* in front of

continued

DON GAY continued

800 people during Cheyenne's Frontier Days. "Water level in town went down a foot during that song," says a friend.



At eight Donnie looked very country and western, but nowadays he prefers to sing rock 'n' roll.

About 45 minutes before the bull riding, Gay changes into his boots and puts on his spurs and bootstraps, which keep his boots from flying off during a ride. A subtle tension is building. The other contestants talk together in small groups behind the bucking chutes, exchanging information about their bulls, rosinning gloves and bull ropes, drinking Dr Pepper. Some are going through elaborate stretching exercises. The adrenaline has really started to flow. This is obviously a young man's game, and many of the riders are similarly built. "Bull riders can all wear each other's clothes," says Gay. "They're all five-foot-eight, 150 pounds, give or take 10 pounds and two inches." Gay himself is 5' 6", 150. Charlie Samp-

son, the black cowboy from Los Angeles who's currently leading the bull-riding standings, says hello to Gay, and Gay asks him about his bull. "G20? Throws a lot of guys, don't know how," says Sampson. An eliminator. Gay's bull, named Charlie Brown, has a high kick and is supposed to spin to the left.

The bull riding is the last event. To

"Pull! Pull!" he says to the cowboy tightening his bull rope. "O.K., I got it." He pounds his fist closed around his wrap. It's the first time this particular bull has been ridden away from Mesquite, and it tries to sit down in the chute. "Get that hotshot, get him up," Gay says, and somebody grabs the cattle prod from the man loading the bulls and gives Charlie Brown a shot in the belly. The bull stands up, and Gay takes his wrap again. When the bull's head is turned toward the arena, Gay nods and the gate swings open. The bull explodes. He's spinning left, bucking high. Gay is jerking like a rag doll, throwing the right side of his body forward to stay centered on the bull. Suddenly the bull plants both front feet and throws its head back. Gay is jolted forward. One of the bull's horns strikes him in the collarbone, straightening him right up, and the bull reverses direction, slingshotting Gay into the dirt headfirst. Stunned, Gay lies still, then tries to get up. Another cowboy reaches him, and helps him out of the arena as the clowns distract the bull. There is some applause.

It is several minutes before Gay can talk without pain. An older cowboy, a friend of his father's, is rubbing the back of his neck, and Gay is massaging his chest where the bull hit him. Nothing is broken. "When he hit me in the collarbone, it did get my attention," says Gay. "Then he slum-dunked me like Darryl Dawkins. It's been a long time since I've hit the ground that hard." He's dripping with sweat. "Call my pilot for me, will you? See if the weather's O.K. to fly to Gladewater."

Another bell is clanging in the arena, signifying another ride. The buzzer sounds, and there is more applause from the Rotarians. Sampson waves to the crowd. He scores a 76, which will hold up to win the event. His share of the purse will be \$627.

Forty-five minutes after being dumped on his head, Gay is airborne in his twin-engine Piper Comanche. He has had his pilot's license for seven years, and estimates he has logged 3,000 hours' flying time, but he lets his pilot, Dutch Daugherty, do the flying this trip. Gay washes down four aspirin with a Dr Pepper, then turns and smiles. "Damn, I love rodeo," he says.

They're flying below cloud level.

help ease the tension of waiting, Gay has been helping with the saddle-bronc event, calling the judges' scores up to the public address announcer. Now he puts on his lime-green chaps with gold shamrocks and gold fringe—"kanda reminds me of money"—and puts his rigging around the big black bull he has drawn. Other cowboys are leaning over their bulls with a similar sense of urgency. The first bull rider out rides a tough spanner and scores a 71—good, but not likely to be in the money. "If that's a 71, I'd like to see what you call an 80!" Neal Gay yells at the judges angrily. "Get with it!" Neal owns the stock; the higher the scores, the more valuable the stock.

Gay is on his bull in the chute.

There's little wind, and the rolling land between Mesquite and Gladewater is green from spring flooding. "I flew in here last year," Gay says, "and there wasn't anyone at the airport; no taxi, no rental car, no nothing. Couldn't get to the rodeo. Finally, I called the police and asked them if they could send somebody out to give me a ride. They said they didn't do that sort of thing. So I said, 'Well, there's a burglary in progress out here.' The cop said, 'What the hell, I'm going to the rodeo anyway.' Came out and got me."

The plane touches down at 6:30, and this time the local Miller distributor is there to meet him. There is time to stop at the Shamrock Drive-In Cafe for a beer before the rodeo. Shoulders' trailer is parked outside, carrying Buford-T-Lite. Shoulders and Buford have already been featured celebrities at a parade earlier in the day, and before the night is out, Buford will carry Gay and a waitress through one of the local watering holes—band playing, dancers dancing, bar owners smiling nervously. Gladewater has a population of 6,728, but when you're talking about places to eat, the Shamrock Cafe is Gladewater, Texas.

"Reminds me of Hugo, Oklahoma," Gay says. "Rented a car there and the fella told me to pump the gas a few times 'cause it hadn't been started in about three weeks. I told him that the tire needed some air, and he said, 'Well, drive it down to that service station and give it some air.' A lady came out at the service station and I said, 'Where's a good place to eat in this town?' She said, 'Sonny, I don't think there is a good place to eat in this town, but I'd take you home and cook you up a meal if I wasn't working.'"

Gay laughs at the memory. "Good rodeo, though. This here's a good rodeo, too."

In what other sport do world champions compete in towns like Hugo and Gladewater, tiny, out-of-the-way places in which rodeo is more than a sport; it's a link between past and present, between "them" and "us," just as the circus used to be. It's the peculiar charm of rodeo, still very much a sport of the people, uncorrupted by TV starting times, never-ending playoffs, megabucks. For four days the 6,000-seat Gladewater Round-up Rodeo will be packed, and who knows where the spectators come from? Differ-

continued



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DON GAY continued

ent counties. Different states, even. There are world champions out there in the same arena with the local Shriners, the high school queen—Gladewater's own. It's a great time of year.

Inside the Shamrock Drive-In Cafe, Shoulders—still a commanding presence at 54, fit and good-looking—hears about Gay's fall. "Huh—Hooped you, eh?" he says. "I thought you went to rodeo school last week, Donnie." Shoulders exudes effortless humor, and he's still very much a hero to Gay, who accepts his barbs like small gems. At the rodeo Shoulders will say, "Used to be 12 to 15 bull riders entered in Gladewater. This year there's 90. It's the economics that have attracted so many more boys to it. Everyone's a specialist, same as in all sports. They got little books on all the bulls, want to know everything about 'em. Want to know where they crapped last. They got themselves all psyched up. A while back one bull out of five had never been out of the chute before. Hell, you got on 'em and rode. Always had good hookin' bulls here in Gladewater, bulls that'd beat you to the fence."

Later, as one of the bareback horses is being chased out of the arena, a cowboy forgets to open up a gate and the horse turns back. Shoulders gives the gatekeeper a withering look. "All it takes to be a cowboy," he tells the man, "is to be just a little bit smarter than a cow."

It's a steamy night, and Gay begins to feel sick to his stomach from the heat and the aspirin. Just before the bull riding, there's a trick riding act, complete with ponies and

chimpanzees and Indian maidens. Gay has a chance to collect himself. Many of the bull riders who were in Dallas a few hours earlier are now in Gladewater, and the same rituals—stretching, rosinning, exchanging information—are again being performed. "There's always the fear factor," Gay will say later. "You have to deal with that every ride. Those bastards can kill you. But you don't worry about it; you face it and control it, and the fear gives you that extra bit of adrenaline. You let it work for you."

He has drawn a gray bull whose horns have been blunted. (For safety the horns have to be as thick around as a quarter at the point.) As Gay sets his rigging, Sampson scores an 80 on a hard-bucking bull to take the lead. Gay shakes his head admiringly. He knows Sampson will be difficult to catch this year. "With his body English, that Charlie can make it look like he's being jerked all over the lot, and it adds five points to every ride," Gay says. "That's the difference between the champions and the also-rans. Lot of guys can ride bulls, but the guys who win can put on a little bit extra."

Gay slaps himself in the face twice, then eases himself onto his bull exactly as

he showed his students three days earlier. He's the last rider of the night. He takes his wrap, tucks his chin in and waits for the bull to look out toward the arena. The bull seems relaxed. Suddenly Gay nods, and the gate swings open. The flank strap is pulled and the bull explodes to the right, spinning and bucking to a great height. The bell on the bull rope is clanging. Gay works his left leg ahead in a pedaling motion, spurring the bull in the shoulder. The bull twists back and spins to the left, jerking Gay badly. He pedals, now spurring with the right leg. His chin is still against his chest, his face set in a grimace. He and the bull are a whirl of gray and dust and noise. Finally, the eighth-second buzzer sounds.

Gay leaps off, runs a couple of steps, and turns to see the bull heading toward the gate. Gay wheels and, in a single motion, removes his hat and flings it high into the air, against the black of the sky, the hat spotlighted by the arena lights. Gay is grinning his Howdy Doody grin again, one arm raised, sweat pouring off his face.

"Don Gay scores 84 points," the P.A. announcer says. He's the winner.

The story doesn't end there, of course; it goes on. In Wichita Falls tomorrow, then North Platte or Reno or Augusta, Mont., wherever the luck of the draw dictates. Chicken one day, feathers the next. With luck, Gay can catch up with Charlie Sampson by the time the Oklahoma City National rolls around in December, but if not. . . .

Well, you know I love the ridin' / There ain't nothin' quite the same / And another year might bring the luck / The winnin' of the game. . . .

"How'd you do?" Gay is asked much later that night.

He thinks for a moment, and then smiles. "They know I been there," he says. men



At only 14 the gritty Gay rode 16 bulls in an action-packed 2½ hours of rodeolog.

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PERSPECTIVE

by N. BROOKS CLARK

JOE PURZYCKI IS THE "WHITE SHADOW" OF THE DELSTATE FOOTBALL PROGRAM

Two years ago the Delaware State College football team traveled to Portland (Ore.) State, where it got a mention in the national news by losing 105-0. That and several other embarrassments in its 2-9 season led to another news item 2½ months later: DelState, a predominantly black college of 2,102 students, hired a new head coach, a 35-year-old assistant at the University of Delaware named Joe Purzycki, who is white. "We were looking for the man who best suited our needs," says DelState President Dr. Luna I. Mishoe. "That the young man happened to be white had historical significance. [He was then the first and only white head coach at a black college; there is now another, Dan Anzolik, at St. Paul's in Lawrenceville, Va.] But from a practical standpoint it had no significance to us."

It did, however, have ramifications. Only three players attended Purzycki's first team meeting: 17 quit the team, 13 of whom walked out on their scholarships. There was a phony death threat. There were demonstrations. A petition was circulated urging the board of trustees to reconsider the choice, and the school paper, *The Hornet*, printed a series of unsigned letters that referred to Purzycki as the "Polish Prince" and questioned whether his hiring was a move by the state government either to turn DelState

football into a program for whites or destroy it altogether.

But that was the worst of it, and now days, says Purzycki, "I'm accepted just as a football coach," and the DelState program is beginning to prosper.

Back in 1980 Athletic Director Nelson Townsend was looking for a responsible coach with strong statewide appeal, and Purzycki fit the bill. He was a defensive back at the University of Delaware from 1967 to '69, and made a school-record nine interceptions in his senior year.

Purzycki graduated in 1971 and got a head-coaching job at a small high school, Woodbridge, in southern Delaware. He was successful enough (15-12-3) in his three seasons there to move to a larger school, Caesar Rodney (named for the Founding Father whose tie-breaking vote put the Delaware delegation behind the Declaration of Independence). In Purzycki's first year, Rodney was undefeated and won the state Division I title. Over three years its record was 33-2. Purzycki became the defensive backfield coach for Delaware in 1978, and the next year the Blue Hens won the Division II title.

In mid-December of 1980 Purzycki drove to Dover to talk with Townsend about the job. Their interview lasted four hours, with Townsend playing Branch Rickey to Purzycki's Jackie Robinson, so to speak. Says Purzycki, "He said to me, 'Look, it's you who's going to have to see everybody else's side of things. Some of the faculty and staff have been here 40 or 50 years, and they have scars. What you're going to endure is nothing.'"

Delaware State was founded in 1891 by the state assembly "for the education of colored students in Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts." Among the vestiges of Jim Crow are the private residences on campus that were built for faculty members, who were excluded from good housing in the Dover area. What is now the weight room was once equipped with 50 cots for visiting black teams, which were barred from the local hotels.

Purzycki was given the job over two "extremely attractive" black candidates: Billy Joe, the former AFL running back who was then the

fullback coach for the Philadelphia Eagles; and Jim McKinley, the head coach at North Carolina A&T. It came down to a meeting of the board of trustees on the evening of Jan. 22, 1981. All three were interviewed, and the board chose Purzycki. Afterward Townsend went to a men's dormitory to talk to the members of the team, who were, well, mad as Hornets. He fielded questions such as, "How could you have given our program away to white people?" and "How could you have chosen anybody over Billy Joe?" A recurring theme was that whites never give blacks the kind of opportunity that Purzycki was getting, so why were they wasting the opportunity.

It's a valid point. There are now two black head coaches among the 96 in the NCAA's Division I-A: Dennis Green of Northwestern and Willie Jeffries of Wichita State. (DelState is in I-AA.) And there are none at all in the NFL. Townsend told the worried players that they should have faith in him, if nothing else. "I told them that we hadn't 'given away' anything to anybody. We hired a coach, and that's all there was to it."

One of the signers of the petition urging the board to reconsider its choice was Richard Williams, a fullback from Washington, D.C. "I was definitely concerned," Williams says. "I didn't exactly disagree, but I didn't exactly agree either. My main concern was his ability to coach the team. I'll say now that he's tough and he's fair."

Purzycki's first season was a success of sorts. The record was the same as in '80, but opponents scored 226 fewer points. The two victories, oddly enough, were over McKinley's North Carolina A&T and Central State of Ohio, coached by Billy Joe.

This season begins with home games against the two toughest teams in the Mid-Eastern Athletic Conference: South Carolina State on Sept. 11 and Florida A&M on Sept. 18. An upset over either one would make Purzycki's season.

"One thing we were not guilty of," said Townsend last month, "was being color-blind. We were totally aware that Purzycki is white. But we were also aware that he'd be the best person for our program. The one thing I'd hope is that this will be the last interview I have to do on the subject of Joe Purzycki's being white, because we have passed that stage here. America may not have passed that stage, but we have."



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 23-29

Compiled by BOB BUCHANAN

BASBALL—KIRKLAND WASH defeated Taiwan 6-0 to win the 36th Little League World Series in Williamsport, Pa. (page 54)

BASKETBALL—THE SOVIET UNION edged the United States 95-94 to win the fourth World Basketball Championships in Cali, Colombia

BOWLING—DAVE HUSTED defeated Marshall Holman 214-193 to win the first event on the PBA's summer tour, the \$95,000 Seneca PBA Open

CYCLING—American women dominated the first week, mostly devoted to track racing, of the world championships in Leicester, England. Brundage 1-2 in both women's events. REBECCA TWIGG outpaced Connie Caporale to win the pursuit, while CONNIE PARASKEVIN won the sprint title while defending champion Sheila Young-Gibson ran into her and was disqualified. In men's events, SERGI KUPILEV of the U.S.S.R. took the amateur sprint event and KUCHE NAKANO of Japan retained his professional sprint title

GOLF—CRAIG STABLER defeated Ray Floyd on the 4th hole of a sudden-death playoff to win the \$400,000 World Series of Golf in Alamo. The pair finished the regulation 72 holes tied at 278, two par over (page 25)

JOANNE CARNER won her second straight tournament, the \$165,000 Brazosdon Classic in High Point, N.C., edging defending champion Sandra Haynie in a five-hole playoff. After 72 holes, both players had six-under-par 282s.

HARNESS RACING—FRANCES IDEAL DU GAZI 2:11.54-60 driven by Eugene LeFevre, won the \$751,000 International Trot at Rensselaer Raceway for the second straight year, beating Zofor 2:12.40 for five lengths. The 8-year-old covered the 1/16 mile in 2.36

HORSE RACING—Lafit Poney II rode PERRAULT 1:54.10 to victory by 3/4 length in the My Native in the Arlington Million at Arlington Park (Chicago). The 5-year-old covered the 1/16 mile on turf in 1.58.

JUSTANOLD LOVE 5:21.08, ridden by Jerry Nicomando, beat Danaburg by 3/4 of a length to win the \$778,000 All-American Derby, the final leg of the 3-year-old quarter horse Triple Crown, at Ruidoso Downs, N. Mex. The colt took 21.88 seconds to cover the 440 yards.

MOTOR SPORTS—DARRELL WALTRIP, in a Buick, won a 500-km Grand National race at Bristol (Tenn.) International Raceway with a 3-car-long victory over Bobby Allison, in a Chevrolet. Waltrip averaged 94.318 mph around the half-banked 533-mile oval.

RICK MEARS won a 500-km CART race for Indy-type cars at Riverside, Calif., finishing 66 seconds in front of the March-Cosworth of Tom Savio. Mears drove his Penske-Ford at an average speed of 115.944 mph around the 3/4-mile, nine-turn Riverside International Raceway.

KEKE ROSBERG drove his Williams to victory in the Swiss Grand Prix, a race run in Dijon, France, because of Swiss legislation prohibiting auto racing, beating Alain Prost, in a Renault turbo, by 66/100 seconds. Rosberg averaged 122.256 mph for 50 laps of the 2.36-mile Dijon-Prenex circuit.

ROWING—At the world championships in Lucerne, Switzerland, NEW ZEALAND scored an upset victory in the men's heavyweight eight final, while REKHE RUTIGER won the single sculls to lead a strong East German showing. BRUNA FETTERDA was the women's sculls and her teammates assumed in the eight as the U.S.S.R. dominated women's competition, winning five of six gold medals. Americans won six medals, including silver in the women's four and eight and the lightweight singles (Scott Roop) and doubles (Paul Farchy and William Berlet).

SOCCER—Distribution problems plagued New York as the NASL's best-of-three playoffs got under way

After a scoreless first half against Tulsa, the Cosmos struck on an embarrassment of riches: five unscored goals. George Chenaila, the league's wildest scoring leader, headed home the game at 47:27 and added another goal just an hour. In Tulsa three days later, however, the Cosmos' coffers were bare and the Roughnecks handed them only their second shutout of the season, 1-0 on Nyrco Peet's first-half goal. The thirty "Nicks" seemed to hang on for the final 30 minutes with just 10 men on the field, the defender Billy Caskey having been ejected for tripping. At week's end, the results of the other three quarter-final series were similarly unimpressive. After a relatively easy 4-2 win at home, Seattle Prior Ward's two goals and an assist, the Sounders dropped a 2-1 overtime decision to the Rizzard with a shot granted by Sounder Defender Ray Lewis and rolled into his own net for an own-goal. Montreal and Ft. Lauderdale split a pair of games in overtime, the Cosmos prevailing in the first, 3-2, and the Sabres taking the second in Montreal, 1-0. San Diego scored on a Cosmic-scale to defeat Vancouver 5-1 in their first matchup, but then recalled the "Men" less impress or second-game output with a 1-0 loss of their own.

TENNIS—Unseeded LEIGH ANN THOMPSON defeated Bettina Ruze 7-6, 6-3 in her first tournament, a \$100,000 event in Mahwah, N.J.

TRACK & FIELD—DAVE LAUT equaled Brian Oldfield's American record in the 400m, set in 1981 in Modesto, Calif., with a heave of 72.3" in Koblenz, West Germany.

BOB ROGGY broke his two-week-old American javelin record of 309'11", set in Knoxville, Finland, with a toss of 314'3" in Stuttgart, West Germany.

MILEPOSTS—FORFEITED By order of the Big Eight Conference, state Kansas victories and a tie during the 1980 football season because of the ineligibility of Keanan Blackman (Bell, who according to the NCAA didn't meet the 2.0 high school grade-point requirement before making up work during the summer. Kansas' 1980 victories over Iowa State, Kansas State and Colorado and a tie with Oklahoma were declared forfeits.

RESIGNED PAUL BIRGEN, 41, women's swimming coach at Texas, who guided the Longhorns to AIAW championships in 1961 and '62. Birgen, who in four seasons at Texas had 41 All-American and 16 national champions, will return to club coaching.

SUSPENDED By the American League for 10 days and fined \$250, Seattle Mariners' Pitcher Gary L. LORR PERCY, 41, for allegedly violating a pitch in an Aug. 23 game against the Boston Red Sox.

By Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, for 30 days, without pay, San Diego Padres' Outfielder AL W. GINS, 28. Kuhn cited the July 23 arrest of Wiggins on a charge of possession of cocaine.

TRADED By the Philadelphia 76ers, Center DARRYL DAWKINS, 25, to the New Jersey Nets for a first-round draft selection in 1983 and an undisclosed amount of cash.

By the Cincinnati Reds, Relief Pitcher JIM KERN, 33, the Reds' player representative who began growing a beard in defiance of the club's dress code, so the Chicago White Sox for two minor-league to be named later.

DIED RAYMOND W. (Ducky) POND, 80, the football coach at Yale from 1934 to '40 and at Bates College (1941 and 1946-51), after a lengthy illness, in Torrington, Conn.

RICHARD RASMUSSEN, 27, five-time Eastern youth champion and national champion in 1974 of windsurfing, vanished when he was shot in the eye during an alleged drug deal on a Harlem street on Aug. 19 in New York City. Rasmussen was on spring pleaded guilty to charges of selling drugs. He is estimated \$500,000 to undercover federal agents, who awaiting sentence.

CREDITS

4—Frank White 6—Illustration by Sam O. WOODMAN
10—Hing Kippenberg 16—Hing Kippenberg 16—Hing Kippenberg
21—Richard C. Moore (British copyright) 28—Dennis C. Moore 34—Hing Kippenberg (right) 32—John McDougall (left) Richard Macdonald (right) 38—Hing Kippenberg 44—Richard Macdonald (left) 48—Hing Kippenberg 54—Hing Kippenberg 60—Hing Kippenberg 66—Hing Kippenberg 72—Hing Kippenberg 78—Hing Kippenberg 84—Hing Kippenberg 90—Hing Kippenberg 96—Hing Kippenberg 102—Hing Kippenberg 108—Hing Kippenberg 114—Hing Kippenberg 120—Hing Kippenberg 126—Hing Kippenberg 132—Hing Kippenberg 138—Hing Kippenberg 144—Hing Kippenberg 150—Hing Kippenberg 156—Hing Kippenberg 162—Hing Kippenberg 168—Hing Kippenberg 174—Hing Kippenberg 180—Hing Kippenberg 186—Hing Kippenberg 192—Hing Kippenberg 198—Hing Kippenberg 204—Hing Kippenberg 210—Hing Kippenberg 216—Hing Kippenberg 222—Hing Kippenberg 228—Hing Kippenberg 234—Hing Kippenberg 240—Hing Kippenberg 246—Hing Kippenberg 252—Hing Kippenberg 258—Hing Kippenberg 264—Hing Kippenberg 270—Hing Kippenberg 276—Hing Kippenberg 282—Hing Kippenberg 288—Hing Kippenberg 294—Hing Kippenberg 300—Hing Kippenberg 306—Hing 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Edited by GAY FLOOD

FRANCO

Sir:

Roy Blount Jr.'s piece on Franco Harris (*The Ascent of an Enigma*, Aug. 23) was extraordinary. I thought such mastery might be lost forever with the passing of Red Smith. But I think even Red would be hard pressed to render a portrait as exquisite. We need to hear from Roy more often.

THOMAS HEALY ENNIS
Norwalk, Conn.

Sir:

Congratulations to Roy Blount Jr. for a wonderful article. As an avid Steeler and Harris fan, I'd rather see Franco step out of bounds than throw himself about the field the way Larry Brown used to do. We all know how long Larry lasted (1969-76). I'm also counting the days until Harris catches the great Jim Brown in total rushing yardage.

DAVID E. BENZ
North Canton, Ohio

Sir:

Franco Harris isn't the hardest-hitting back in football, he's the surest. He's already outlasted Jim Brown, and he's sure to outgain him as well.

MARK FORSTER
Overland Park, Kans.

Sir:

Three summers ago, a Wendy's Old Fashioned Hamburgers restaurant opened on a fast-food-laden strip in Wildwood, N.J., with Franco Harris touted as co-owner. For weeks it was announced that Franco would be at the restaurant and in the area for promotional purposes. One evening around midnight I drove by Wendy's and recognized that unmistakable athlete outside by the drive-through window. Only at that late hour, Franco wasn't shaking hands or signing autographs—he was taking orders. Now I ask you, is that the mark of a lazy man?

JUSTIN J. CATANOSO
Clermont, N.J.

Sir:

Your article on Franco truly described a super person. Franco's sister-in-law, Gail Harris, was our PTA president in 1981, and she arranged for Franco to speak at our school in April of that year. In fact, Franco not only spoke to the students in grades six, seven and eight, but also spent most of the day in our school. He impressed me as being someone who's willing to give that little bit extra—as his rushing statistics indicate.

JOHN B. YARSKI
Principal
J. Harold Duberson School
Mays Landing, N.J.

BEACH SCENE

Sir:

I save the issues of SI that I find particularly well done—I have a great many. Into the special collection goes the Aug. 23 issue on the strength of Richard Mackson's photo essay on beach volleyball (*Having a Ball at the Beach*). This country is gaining respect internationally for its Olympic volleyball teams, and more people need to know just what kind of sport volleyball is when played by excellent athletes. Most people have never seen top-notch power volleyball—and 100-mph spikes aren't the only excitement. A great dig or a block of a hard spike is pretty amazing, too! There's also a whole lot more to the game than just the beach scene.

PATRICK DUREY
National Referee
U.S. Volleyball Association
Topeka, Kans.

Sir:

I greatly enjoyed the photo essay on volleyball, but I have one minor complaint. You gave us a beautiful look at Theresa Lee Smith, runner-up in the 1981 Los Angeles Miss Cuervo contest. I thank you for that. However, in all fairness to the winner, Vicki Sue Benson, and to us readers, I believe a front-side glimpse of her is also in order. Please!

MIKE WEIS
Rahon, Neb.



BY POPULAR DEMAND, VICKI SUE, TAKE 2

Sir:

If I may make a casual observation, Your cameraman just lost his nerve. After snapping her stern He should have yelled "Turn!" At the fantastic first-place Miss Cuervo, OLD JACK HOLTZ Moline, Ill.

• For a side view, see below left —ED.

Sir:

After seeing Theresa Lee Smith, Vicki Sue Benson and Carol Revello in your article on volleyball, I say who needs a swimsuit issue? But please still send me mine.

STEVEN ROSE
Brunford, Conn.

CHAMPION WRESTLER

Sir:

As a collegiate wrestler, I was impressed by the article *Alive in the Eye of the Hurricane* (Aug. 23) by Craig Neff. It gave real insight into the rigorous sport of wrestling.

Lee Kemp epitomizes the true wrestling champion. His statistics leave no doubt as to his ability, but ability alone doesn't make a champion. Kemp's greatest asset is his determination. May he have a long reign!

EDWARD TRIZZO
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

SOCCER STAR

Sir:

On behalf of all the Italian fans, estimated at more than 300,000, who celebrated in the true Little Italy—on St. Clair Avenue in Toronto—after the July 11 World Cup championship game, I'd like to express my sincere gratitude to Clive Gammon for his extraordinary article on Paolo Rossi (*Coming Up Roses for Rossi*, Aug. 16). Believe you me, we all know we deserve it.

JOHN MONTESANO
Dowtown, Ontario

Sir:

To us soccer fans, the 1982 World Cup was the culmination of talent, wit, patriotism and competitiveness. Paolo Rossi should be commended for his personal expression of these qualities within the framework of the *Forza Azzurri* and the game of soccer. He overcame the criticism leveled at him.

RICHARD STONES
Rolling Hills, Calif.

DAILEY'S LAWYER'S OPINION

Sir:

I was pleased to read the Quentin Dailey article by Robert H. Boyle and Roger Jackson (*Bringing Down the Curtain*, Aug. 9). Facts and impressions were brought together in a fair and disciplined manner. The high standards



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16TH HOLE continued

dard of writing reflected in your article is unfortunately becoming a rarity.

GEORGE G. WALKER
Attorney-at-Law
San Francisco

ONE JUROR'S OPINION

Sir,

Having served as a federal juror on the 1981 antitrust mistrial—Los Angeles Coliseum-Raiders vs. the NFL (SCORECARD, Aug. 24, 1981 et seq.)—I'd like to express my opinion. The Raiders and the Los Angeles Coliseum Commission were denied the freedom of choice to move the Raiders' unencumbered business to Los Angeles because of NFL rules.

During the 55-day trial and after studying the evidence for 13 days, eight of our 10-member jury were convinced that Section 4.3 of the NFL Constitution and Bylaws did violate the Sherman Antitrust Act. The mistrial that followed in 1982 resulted as a six-member jury voting unanimously in favor of the Los Angeles Coliseum and the Raiders.

In spite of the decision by the 1982 jury, and the fact that antitrust laws were designed to promote free enterprise and competition for the benefit of business, employees and consumers, the NFL continues to lobby in Congress in hopes of obtaining limited exemption from antitrust laws, retroactively, thereby forcing the Raiders to return to Oakland and blocking other teams from moving in the future. Considering the evidence, the decision of the jury and the existing antitrust laws, it seems that Congress should preserve the right of cities to compete for football teams. Competition is the American way.

LEANORA L. NUNN
Oakland, Calif.

AVOIDING RIGGED RACES

Sir,

It's true that the incentive to rig horse races by bribing jockeys is greatest in the infrequent events, which develop long odds (SCORECARD, Aug. 23). And, of course, the New York Racing Association and others have to do without multiple bets because of their popularity with the players. In doing research for the Charles Town (W. Va.) Turf Club, we found that multiple bets accounted for 18.4% of the total handle in 1980 (vs. 6.6% at the three New York major tracks).

There's a simple way to hinder, if not prevent the rigging of the multiple-bet races. Don't show which races they are in the program, announce them on the P.A. system just before the race.

VINCENT CAPOZZELLA
President
Coto-Lyst Research Company, Inc.
Charles Town, W. Va.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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